THE AUSTRALIAN....

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

May 1, 1943

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

OVER 500,000 COPIES SOLD EVERY WEEK

PRICE 3d

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4721961

THE SOLDIER AND THE BOY

PUBLIC LIBRARY 29 APR 1943 OF NEW SOUTH WALES

By . . .

MARGOT NEVILLE

"I'll bet you were the bravest one there," the boy said earnestly.

THE soldier sat on the rustic seat in the tangled old garden and absently pulled at the leaves of the lemon tree beside him.

A cake being beaten in the kitchen, the clip-clop of the baker's horse along the roads, hens cackling—all the well-remembered sounds of the sleepy country town came to him.

So here he was back home, discharged from the Army with a leg crocked up for good, and the war over as far as he was concerned. The excitement, the comradeship, the sense of effort shared with others—it was all over.

Funny, he'd never pictured it being like this. He always thought somehow that he and the war would end together, that he'd march home with the job done, with the flags flying and the bands playing.

Or that he'd be killed . . .

He'd never pictured this ragged, empty, useless sort of feeling. Everyone else carrying on with the job, the fight going on everywhere around him, and him just sitting here feeling like something chucked on to a scrap heap, not knowing what to do next. And not caring, either.

He took out his tobacco and rolled a cigarette with deliberate care, taking as long over the job as he could.

Something to do—to roll a cigarette—something to fill in sixty seconds of time. "Go into the sun, dear, and read the paper," his mother had said, sensing his restlessness.

Crummy, but a country town was empty after what he'd seen and been through. Empty, empty, empty, and a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach.

He hadn't noticed this emptiness at first. There had been the excitement that morning when they sighted the shores of home, the long level coastline, blue in the morning sun, and the relief of getting off the transport. Then all the handshaking and congratulating and the fun of seeing everyone again; his mother looking so flushed and excited.

"Glad to be back, son?"

"I'll say I am!"

Of course he was glad.

The trouble was it wasn't as simple as that. He didn't see how he was going to pick up things where he had left them two years ago. At twenty-five to take his place again in a school-room, teaching a lot of scrubby kids; rows and rows of them thumbing over their Latin grammars and arithmetic books. A schoolmaster's life, what was it? Just a never-changing routine, futile, monotonous. How was he going back to it after the man's work he'd been doing? . . .

All the things he had done and learnt before the war had faded out in the roar of guns. He couldn't pull them back close to himself, somehow. Enemy planes roaring over the sweet-smelling fields of Crete, swooping to destroy . . . They were ten times more real to him today than the bees diving into the lemon blossom beside him, shaking out its drenchingly sweet perfume.

Over the hedge he could see the wide empty street of the small township, straight as a die, shimmering in the strong light—the verandahs of the shops, the pub at the corner, the church across the way, dogs lying asleep. There weren't many cars now. The petrol shortage had fixed that and people had gone back to horses.

The soldier half-closed his eyes and saw it all through narrowed lids. Everything must look to-day just as it had looked thirty-five years ago, when his father set up here as a young country doctor.

And the house and the garden . . . just the same. The long grass and the creepers over the wall, and the straggling geraniums round the steps of the porch. An empty dog kennel stood near the porch—empty as long as he could remember—and a not very secure canvas chair where his mother sometimes sat in the afternoon, knitting.

He could hear her now, having one of her long gentle conversations with old Emily in the kitchen—what they'd eat, what they'd order, the size of Sunday's joint, the price of vegetables.

The low, murmurous talk took on an eternal quality. The empty golden midday ebbed around the soldier in eddies of nothingness.

He sat forward, sinking his head in his hands.

Presently a sound made him look up. A small boy had drifted round the side of the house and was standing staring at him; a boy of about nine or ten, barefoot, sturdy, freckled, with sunburnt hair sticking up on his round little cranium. Hazel-green eyes fixed the soldier steadily.

The soldier returned the long, intent gaze. It was the kid belonging to the woman who drove in once a week from a farm somewhere with butter and eggs for his mother. The battered jinker was drawn up at the gate.

"Hullo, sonny!"

The boy didn't answer for a moment. He hardly seemed to be aware that the other had spoken. His eyes dropped to the soldier's leg stuck out stiffly in front of him, and to the stick that he was grasping. The world of battles and heroism surged close to the boy.

Then:

"Have you been to the war?" he asked.

The soldier nodded.

"I have."

"Gee!" Another searching stare. "Did your leg get shot?"

"Yes—well and truly. I'm lucky to have it here at all."

Gravely the boy regarded it.

"Can't you bend it?"

"Not much, not yet."

"Did it hurt when it got hit?" He was lost in his questioning, intent, absorbed.

"It hurt, all right. It was like a red-hot poker going in with stars bursting all round it."

The boy drew in his breath sharply and wrinkled up his flat little nose.

"Who shot you?"

"Well, I didn't see the chap, because he was a couple of hundred feet up in the sky."

"In an aeroplane, was he?"

"That's so, in a dive-bomber."

"Were you in an aeroplane, too?"

"No, I was down on the ground firing a Bren gun, when the German plane swooped down and the bullets spattered all round us."

"Gee! . . . I'll bet it hurt. Were the other soldiers killed?"

"Some of them were."

The boy moved closer. His bare feet gripped the dust and the shadow of leaves made a criss-cross pattern on his round cheek and his strong little neck emerging from the faded shirt. Never for a moment did his eyes move away from the soldier's face.

"I'll bet you were brave," he said: "I'll bet you were the bravest one there."

The soldier gave a short laugh.

"I wasn't too bad," he admitted.

There—that was a relief, anyhow! To be able to say what he knew to be true. The kid didn't want modesty: he wanted the truth. And he hadn't been too bad, either. Looking back, he recalled things . . .

That day in Libya. He had stuck to that gun, he and Dave, until they were practically blasted off it. And when Dave went down he'd gone on alone, somehow. Every shot fired held up things a bit and covered the retreat. Yes, he'd done a pretty good job that day, and he knew it. He hadn't got a medal for it, of course, but thousands of chaps didn't get medals.

The boy spoke again:

"Did you save anyone on the battlefield?" he asked.

"Well . . . I pulled in my pal George when he stopped one."

"Carried him in on your back, eh?" The traditional picture was firmly stamped on the boy's mind: heroes on battlefields with wounded comrades slung across their shoulders amid a rain of bursting shells. That was what the kid was seeing.

"That's right," the soldier answered. "He died in hospital afterwards, though."

"But you saved him," the boy said, going right to the point that mattered—he'd done all he could for George, and George had known it.

The two in the quiet garden looked at each other for a spell without saying any more.

It was odd, the soldier was thinking, but he felt closer to this kid than he'd ever felt to anyone. He could say what he liked to him, and every word he said went, without question or criticism.

The boy's eyes were like hazel-green pools, clear and still, waiting for whatever reflections life would throw in to them . . .

And suddenly the soldier saw that the world of the future, and all that was to take shape in it, lay in the hands of kids like this. A better world, everyone hoped, but only better if someone taught them how to make it so.

The teacher's job—his job.

All of a sudden he felt light-hearted, queerly happy.

He put his hand into his pocket and took out a battered foreign coin.

"Like a souvenir?" he asked, holding it out.

The boy's grubby little fist closed over it rapturously. And the soldier knew that they were sealing a bargain.

(Copyright)

Zam-Buk Will Help You to

GET THOSE HAPPY FEET

Zam-Buk

Makes Feet Dependable

OFF she goes . . . swinging along . . . starting her day with happy care-free feet. You, too, can say good-bye to foot worries if you give just a few minutes each night to this easy Zam-Buk treatment.

First bathe the feet and dry thoroughly. Then rub Zam-Buk Ointment into ankles, soles, insteps, and between the toes. You will be delighted how quickly Zam-Buk takes away pain and inflammation; how perfectly it heals soreness and chafing.

For relieving swollen ankles and for removing corns Zam-Buk is equally good. Get a box to-day!

1/6 a jar.

"The pain and inflammation of my feet were almost past bearing. I dreaded walking or standing. Using Zam-Buk night and morning was wonderfully soothing and healing. I can now keep going on my feet all day."—Mrs. A. Lerke.

Pave the way to victory—buy War Savings Certificates.

For Skin and Foot Troubles

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

Every £10 BOND is an effective LINK in a CHAIN which, when stretched around AUSTRALIA will help to save you from BONDAGE. £1000 would supply 100 LINKS. How many LINKS can you supply ? ?

W. G. HEARNE & CO. LTD., GEELONG

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4721962

COMMON PEOPLE

£1000 Prize-winning Serial

By A. E. MARTIN

THIS is the story of PEL PELHAM, spruiker, and his associates, chief of whom are SKIN ROGERS AND RICKETTY, bookmaker and tramp, respectively; PAUL MARONI, circus proprietor, and his daughter, RENA, HENRI SAPOLIO, a fasting showman, and his wife, MARIE.

Wanting money to finance the fasting act of Sapolio, Pel, who is organising the business, borrows £200 from Skin Rogers, and agrees to try and stop a girl, whose name he is given as Dora May, from blackmailing Skin. Their transaction is witnessed by PLAIN-CLOTHES DETECTIVE RORKE, who is vindictive towards Pel.

Visiting Dora May, whose flat is in the same building as that occupied by Sapolio, Pel finds to his amazement that she is Rena Maroni, who has run away from her father's circus. He appeals to her to leave Rogers alone and return to the circus. As he is leaving the apartment house he encounters Rorke.

Now read on:

RORKE hesitated for the fraction of a second. "Well, if it isn't little Pel," he said. "The very man I'm looking for."

"How'd you know I was here?"

Rorke laughed. "We have our methods." He eyed Pelham shrewdly. "Anyway, what are you up to here? You don't live this way."

Pelham grinned. "It's awf'ly nice of you to inquire. As a matter of fact I've been invited to dinner with some old friends, but I can't stay. If you have the gift and can smell it." He sniffed elaborately. "The potage." He sniffed again. "The goulash—maybe."

"Whose dinner," Rorke asked. His nose crinkled.

"Believe it or not," Pel said confidentially. "It's being prepared for none other than Henri Sapolio, the world's premier fasting man."

"Good gracious," Rorke said. He tapped Pel on the shoulder.

"Starving man or no starving man," he said. "I want a word with you—in my office tomorrow."

"I may be busy," Pel said.

"See you're not," Rorke warned him and walked with him to the tram stop.

"You do look after one," Pel said. "It's nice of you."

Pel jumped on a tram. Once he glanced back, but the plainclothes man was still at the car stop. Maybe, Pel thought, he'd go back and check up with Sapolio. Well, let him. It was all clean and above board and he'd meet his match with Marie. All the same he felt faintly irritated.

He cast his mind back, checking up on his activities for the past few years—the auction mart, door to door peddling, selling razor paste on the street, a little house to house phrenology, a few months with the circus. He could see nothing wrong. Nothing for Rorke to make a fuss about.

Nice people, staid people with steady jobs and a regular pay; people who found their wages waiting for them every Friday, who didn't have to worry where it was coming from, or how on earth the boss was going to raise it—these people might have raised their eyebrows at some of the things he'd done, but only because he lived from day to day.

If his activities had brought him in a lot of money, enough money to run a car and live in a house too large for him in a nice suburb, the same people's eyebrows would have remained normal. Pel knew it, but it didn't make him bitter.

He was always careful to keep within the law. He might go close to the border, but he never stepped across. And he had his own code of morals. The morals of other people never worried him.

No, he thought, as his tram carried him homeward, there was nothing Rorke could pull him in for—nothing that anyone could pull him in for. Rorke, of course, had never forgiven him for that showground affair. He hadn't meant to make the plainclothes man look a fool. It was self-protection. It just happened to be Rorke who hated to be ridiculed.

But why had Rorke tailed him up to Pimlico Flats? Perhaps he knew Sapolio was there. Or—Pel's heart gave a little jump—perhaps he was on to Rena Maroni. Whatever it was, it was strange that he should have been where he was.

With an impatient click of the tongue he dismissed Rorke from his mind. He left the tram and bought a bottle of lager at the hotel on the corner. Then he walked to the little furnished cottage he rented.

His wife was at the door waiting.

"Meet Mr. Micklewitz, Pel," said Dan, towering over the midget seated beside him.

She looked absurdly young, Pel thought, and pretty, but, of course, he was prejudiced. Still—to be the mother of a boy of five! Every time he came home Pel felt a little catch in the throat. For it was home even if it was and always had been a drab cottage with furniture other people had used and discarded. And Nell never complained.

Sometimes they'd talked ambitiously—of a home in the country with a real garden, and a cow and chickens, and together they'd get really enthusiastic. But Pel in secret wondered what he'd do in the country. He'd look at his long, white fingers unspoiled by hard manual work, and try and picture himself digging, cleaning the fowl-house, milking the cow. Pretty hard. Nothing in focus.

No, he was city—a lurker, a fellow who lived on his wits, with no trade, no profession, relying on his imagination for his bread and butter.

Still it would have been nice for Nell and the kid. Not much fun for her living in furnished cottages, or, more often rooms, constantly changing addresses, with no time to take root and make friends. There was always the lottery. Someone had to win. Pel had long since made up his mind that if ever he had a few thousands Nell should have her home in the country, no matter what he did.

He kissed his wife, and arm in arm they entered the house.

"How's the kid?"

"He's all right. Wants to go to school."

"Gee. We must be getting old. Do him good."

"But, Pel, he's only a baby."

"Teach him to mix. Brought you some beer." He unwrapped the bottle.

"Is it an occasion?"

"I'll say. The Sapolio business has clicked."

"I'm so glad."

They sat down to dinner, the boy between them, and as they ate Pel told her about Rogers lending the money.

"He's a good scout. I hated asking him. He wouldn't take a share."

Nell was thoughtful for a moment. Then she asked: "Pel, when this Mr. Sapolio fasts, does he really. I mean—he really doesn't have any food?"

"I think it's on the level," Pel told her. "In fact, I'm sure of it. They act dinkum." He told her about Henry and Marie.

"But," she persisted, "how does he live in that awful glass house! How can a man go without food for seventy days?"

The youngster pushed his spoon about his plate without interest. "I wish I was a starving man," he said suddenly.

"You eat your vegetables," Nell admonished, "or you'll never be a man at all."

Pel told her about Rorke, and she was perturbed. "There's nothing is there?" she asked anxiously.

"One thing," he said. "He's found out I'm in love with my wife." He leaned over and kissed her.

"Pel," she said, blushing a little. "I wonder if the people you meet know what you're really like."

"I don't think they do," he said.

In the morning he was tremendously busy. He cashed Skin Rogers' cheque and surprised the agent for the shop he wished to rent by offering him ten weeks' money in advance. He spread the pound notes on the desk. The sight seemed to stagger the agent. It was some moments before he could pull himself together sufficiently to scout Pel's suggestion that the rent be reduced.

Pel began to gather up the notes and put them back in his wallet. The agent said, hastily: "Just a minute Mr. Pelham. To oblige you I'll ring the owner."

Pel watched his fingers dialling. He saw exactly what he did and he knew there was no such index number. The man was talking into a dead phone. He said nothing, enjoying the comedy. The agent talked to an imaginary owner at the other end of the line.

"It's up to you, sir," he said, acting his head off. "Personally I should advise acceptance. What's that? Just a minute, sir." He clapped his hand over the receiver and said in a loud whisper. "He says he'll take fourteen or nothing."

Pel leaned across the table and whispered equally loudly: "Tell him—nothing." He rose, but the agent stretched out a detaining hand and spoke into the phone again. "Sorry, sir, Mr. Pelham's limit is thirteen pounds ten——"

"Thirteen," Pel amended, turning to go.

"Thirteen pounds per week with ten weeks in advance," the agent said promptly. "Yes, yes, cash in advance. You will? Oh, good, good. I don't think you'll be sorry, sir." He hung up, perspiring a little.

Pel came back and sat down opposite him, grinning. He waved to the telephone. "Nice feller."

"Oh, fine."

"Liked the way you beat him down. Nice work." Pel said and counted out a hundred and thirty one pound notes. He took his receipt and the agent shook hands warmly and escorted him to the door. Funny, Pel thought. When he met him first the man had been barely civil. One hundred and thirty pounds in one pound notes looks a powerful lot of money.

Please turn to page 4

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4721963

For Children's Hacking Coughs at Night
WOODS' Great PEPPERMINT CURE

Many a modern Grandma could do the job you're doing now. Get a Victory job. You will find it the most interesting job you've ever done.

Only then will you be doing your full share . . . you will be turning out equipment to speed the end of the war. Don't hesitate. Every day you put it off may see the loss of precious lives at the Front.

Come in to your nearest National Service Office and talk it over with someone specially trained to help you select the right job.

There are jobs packed with interest—

- **In War Production Factories.**
- **In Essential Foods Production.**
- **In Australian Women's Land Army.**

THE WOMEN'S SERVICES AUXILIARIES ALSO NEED RECRUITS

W.W.C.4-77

Common People

Continued from page 3

PEL smiled as he recollected the imaginary telephone talk. Now, if he'd pulled that one people would have called it sharp practice. Perhaps the difference between legitimate and crooked business was a matter of location. Things done in a nice office with a bit of carpet were all right. The same things done in a circus tent, for instance, with a tan bark floor were all wrong.

Pelham went to a timber firm. He handed his business card to an office boy.

"Take that into the manager, please."

The boy coolly read the card and announced: "He won't see you."

"And why not?" Pel was slightly amused.

"He won't have no truck with side shows," the boy said.

"No?" Pel inquired. "Why this extraordinary prejudice?"

"Once," the boy told him, "a feller didn't pay him."

"Indeed," Pel said. "But, my dear sir, tell me. Other gentlemen with whom he has truck. Do they always pay him cash on the nail?"

"No fear they don't," the boy said. "We're always tailing 'em up."

"Then," said Pel calmly, "I think you may safely take my card in."

"It won't be any good," the boy said pessimistically. "But I'll give it a go."

"Thank you," Pel said warmly. "Thank you very much. Very much, indeed."

The lad looked at him suspiciously and moved into an inner office. He left the door ajar. Through the opening Pel watched him hand the card to a man seated at a desk. He looked like a man who had eaten something bad. He snatched the card, glanced at it, and tore it in two. Pel saw him drop the pieces into a wastepaper basket at his side.

The boy returned to the counter shutting the door after him.

He shook his head lugubriously.

"I told you," he said. "If I was you I'd go away and try again next year."

"Well," Pel said, "if he can't see me I'll ask him to return my card."

The boy stared. "He tore it up," he said.

"Nevertheless," Pel persisted, "I want it. It cost me money. Go on. Tell him."

"He'll boot me out," the boy prophesied.

"I'll boot you in if you don't," Pel said, but he grinned when he said it and the grin won. "Gee!" the lad said. "This'll be fun."

Again he knocked on the manager's door and entered. Pel saw the man look up with an exasperated glare. It looked as if the bad things he had eaten had begun to get in their early punches. Pel heard muffled conversation, saw the man scowl and dive into his vest pocket and hand something to the boy. The lad left the inner office, shut the door, and came back to the counter. He was grinning broadly.

"He says the card's tore up, but he told me to give you this penny to pay for it."

Very gravely Pelham took the coin and put it in his pocket. Then he drew out another card and handed it to the boy.

"Will you please thank your boss for his courtesy," he said, "and tell him that the cards are two a penny and I am sending him this one, which is in every particular identical with and the exact counterpart of the other."

The lad grinned. He was beginning to enjoy himself. He disappeared and Pel turned to go, but paused at the door to dust his shoes lightly with his handkerchief. In a moment a voice behind him said: "Excuse me, Mr. ——"

Pel turned. "Pelham is the name," he said. "It's on the cards."

The manager was standing at his office door. He began to smile and when he smiled one saw that he really was not such a terrible looking fellow. "You wished to see me, Mr. Pelham. Will you please come in?"

"Thank you." Pel was very dignified. He removed his hat as he stepped into the inner office and accepted a chair.

The man turned the card over in his fingers and gave a little laugh. "I must apologise," he said, uneasily. "I'm afraid I was a little short."

"Don't mention it," Pel said. "Onions do it to me. In any case, I find the present too exacting, and the future too hazardous to worry about the past."

The manager looked across the table and observed his visitor with shrewd eyes. "Now, sir, what can I do for you?"

Pelham told him. He wanted a room built within a room. It was to be twelve feet long by seven feet broad and seven feet six high. The ceiling was to be wood and big glass windows were to run completely round it.

"And do you mean that this man will live in this room for ten weeks?" the timber merchant asked.

"He hopes to."

"And what about openings? I suppose there's to be a trick door or something?"

Pel shook his head. "Just a tiny slit big enough to pass letters through."

"No others?"

"No."

"How will you feed him?"

"We don't. He will live on soda-water and cigarettes."

"Well, well. I thought all these shows were fakes."

Pel's eyes lifted. Then he reached out with his cane and tapped a highly-veneered table. "I bet," he said, "underneath the polish that's just plain deal. But nobody goes into a shop and looks at that sort of table and says, 'It's a fake!' They ask themselves, 'Do I like looking at it?' and 'Is it worth my money?'"

"And is Mr. Sapolio worth the money."

"Yes," Pel said. "People like to see something different, something that doesn't enter into their daily lives—a king or a notorious criminal, a starving man. Even a dead elephant."

"Dead elephant?"

Pel nodded. "Plenty have seen 'em alive. Very few have seen 'em dead."

"Well, I'm dashed. I'd have written off a dead elephant as a dead loss. I'd have buried him, but you'd have exhibited him and made enough to pay his funeral expenses."

"Every man to his job," Pel said, smiling.

The other rubbed his chin, looking at the figures he'd jotted down. "This'll cost a bit."

"How much?"

"Roughly——" He named a sum.

"Fair enough!" Pel agreed.

"You'll pay cash in advance."

"No," Pel said, promptly.

"You won't, eh?"

"No," Pel said. "I'll pay a deposit. That's fair. You don't ask your other customers for cash." With his cane he flicked a pile of the firm's account forms stacked neatly in a container on the desk. His eyes had caught sight of the line "net cash in thirty days." "I'll pay balance on completion of job," he said. "I don't want thirty days."

The other man rose abruptly. "I'll take a chance," he said.

"You're not taking any chance," Pel told him. "I take the chance."

"You?"

"Yes. I don't know wood and I don't know glass. I don't know a thing about carpentering. The job mightn't be any good."

"It will." The timber man laughed. "Anyway, I bet you'd know."

Pelham paid the deposit and carefully stowed the receipt in his pocket-book.

Please turn to page 14

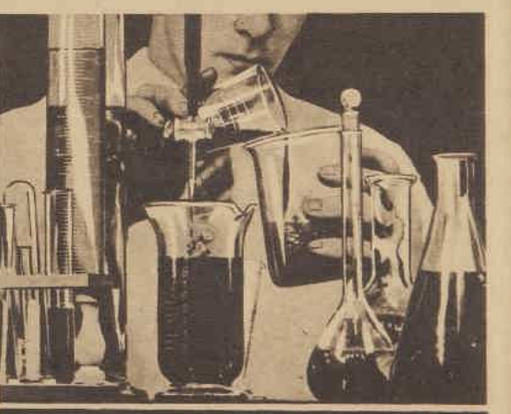
Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

IF YOU SUFFER FROM
Leg Pains, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Nerviness, Broken Sleep, Circles Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles. Get

Cystex

In 2 sizes—4/-, 8/-.
From chemists everywhere.
Guaranteed for
Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.

The Measure of an Industry



is its value to the nation
IN WAR AND IN PEACE

In the days before the war, the makers of Agee Pyrex were busy supplying the needs of wise housewives for modern glass ovenware . . . to-day they are producing a wide and varied range of dispensary, laboratory, and clinical glassware for use by the fighting services, in army hospitals, in laboratories and munition plants, all in furtherance of Australia's war effort.

It is in times of national crisis such as the war has brought about that the true value of an industry can be assessed. And it is to Australia's benefit that out of your popular Pyrex casseroles should come this vitally necessary glassware to meet Australia's wartime demand.

AGEE PYREX
MARKETED BY CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS PTY. LTD.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4721964

SPECIAL DUTIES

By ROMA CAREY

"Don't work so hard. I'll get the reputation of being a slave-driver," said Geoffrey.

"I SHALL be back shortly, Carol," said Captain Geoffrey Furnis to his secretary, who looked up from her typewriter as he spoke.

Captain Furnis flicked through the papers in her wire basket.

"Don't work so hard. I'll get the reputation of being a slave-driver," he said jestingly.

"I like to work," she said, and the realisation of how much it had meant to her added sincerity to her voice.

When she and John had grown estranged and finally broken off their engagement she had joined the A.T.S., and had been appointed secretary to Captain Furnis, debonair and attractive. At first she had suffered so acutely by her separation from John that she had rarely been aware of him, but now she could not fail to be conscious of his increasing interest in her.

Outside, the clang of the motors in the workshops quivered through the air, as the new hush-hush tanks were assembled and riveted for testing. Carol added to the din with a barrage from her machine, until the door of the office banging open caused her to look up. Her hands dropped from the keys and she sat staring at the man who stood there, and, in those first moments, obviously without recognition. Then John Manners gasped: "Carol!" in a tone of dazed astonishment.

Carol said: "Hallo, John," and wondered whether she had fallen asleep, and was dreaming.

"I—I can't believe it. I suppose it is really you, Carol!" Manners came farther into the room, and stood immediately above the desk, staring down into her grey, dark-fringed eyes.

"I didn't even know you had joined the—whatever it is you have joined." He glanced over her, from neat brown head to flat-heeled brown shoes.

"A.T.S." supplied Carol with a calmness she did not feel. Her heart was racing, and a warmth she had not known for months was running through her. She forced herself to relax, sitting back in her chair.

When she first came to work for Geoffrey Furnis she had wondered if she might come across John, knowing that he was deeply involved in tank design and production—indeed, it was the new life into which his war service had led him which had been the cause of the break between them.

"Have you been here long?" John asked.

"About four months. Did you want to see Captain Furnis?"

"Yes. He's the liaison officer they've got around the place, isn't he?"

"Yes—and I work for him. He will be back in half an hour, John." He put the brief-case he was carrying on Geoffrey's littered desk.

"May I wait here? Shall I be in your way?"

She shook her head.

"Are you up here for long, John?"

"About a month, I think. What's this chap Furnis like, Carol? I expect I shall have a fair amount to do with him."

"He's—nice," Carol said slowly. Then she found herself watching John as he tamped down the tobacco in his pipe. In spite of the months which had intervened, she discovered herself anticipating each well-remembered move of the strong, square hands.

"Isn't it a bit unusual to have the military all mixed up in a factory like this?" Manners looked at her across the spurting flame of his match.

"It is rather an experiment, I believe," conceded Carol. "But, after all, it's the military who have to use the tanks, and Geoffrey was an engineer himself before the war, so he knows about the manufacturing part as well as the tactical side. He's just the right person to link the two together!"

John raised his eyebrows.

"You like working for him!" It was a statement rather than a question, and she felt the color come up into her cheeks.

"Yes—I do," she replied, and felt an unexpected uprush of affection for Geoffrey, who had done so much to restore her pride.

"You've changed, Carol."

"I suppose I have," she agreed. She had for so long refused to look back to their parting that it came as a surprise to find that its memory no longer had the power to hurt. John was right. She had changed.

"Carol, do you ever . . ." John turned abruptly as the door opened and Furnis walked in. Carol stood up quickly.

"This is Mr. Manners, sir. He has come to see you about the new sights."

Geoffrey nodded, and smiled.

"Sorry I was out. I hope my secretary has been entertaining you."

"She has indeed," replied John. "I'm afraid I've wasted a lot of her time."

"I expect she'll forgive you," grinned Geoffrey, and gave Carol one of his bright, quick glances. "Would you like to go over the shops? We can go straight off."

"Thanks!" John was on his feet at once, and Carol smiled to herself. It had hurt her, once, this complete absorption of John in his work. Now she was part of it, too, and understood.

"A NICE chap, Manners," Geoffrey commented a few days later, following a morning which he and John had spent in the drawing office, heads bent over blue prints.

"He is," she replied, and wondered what Geoffrey would say if he knew that she and John had been engaged.

"He always seems to find plenty to say to you, doesn't he?" went on Captain Furnis. "Not that I blame him. Pretty good taste, if you ask me!"

Carol smiled.

"Thank you!" she said.

"Mind you, though, I shall put my foot down if he takes up too much of your time!"

"I'll see that he doesn't, sir," replied Carol.

She could not refuse John's invitation to dinner the following evening, however, although she wondered whether she might not be laying the seeds for fresh heartache. They found so much in the present to say to each other that it was difficult to realise all that had gone between, until John said good night to her at her billet. He stood holding her hand for a long moment.

"It's grand, seeing you again, Carol. Made me realise how much I missed you." Then, before she could reply, he had given her fingers a quick, hard pressure, and gone striding off down the darkened road.

There were two or three similar evenings, and almost daily Carol saw John at the factory, where he worked long hours with Geoffrey. The hush-hush tank was almost ready for testing.

On the morning of the trial she saw Geoffrey for a few seconds, and John not at all.

"All the brass hats will be down," Geoffrey exulted, as he tossed papers about. "You'll have to hold the fort here, Carol, until I get back. . I'll let you know how she goes."

"Good luck!" Carol put out her hand and Geoffrey suddenly pulled her towards him.

"Thanks, my dear. You've been a grand little partner, bless you." He bent his head and kissed her with easy competence, and was out of the room before she had realised his intention.

She was only just covering her typewriter at the end of a long afternoon when Geoffrey returned.

"How did it go?" she asked, eagerly.

"Fine—though there was a bit of a contretemps at the beginning. It was a bad start."

"Why? What happened?"

"Well, the adjectival blighter at the controls got old Goliath under way before I had given him the All Clear, and one of the passengers, who was just about to get in, got jerked off the footplate. It might have been a nasty accident. The brass hats were quite perturbed! He's one of their pet designers, and they seemed to think we weren't taking sufficient care of him. Luckily they didn't hold it against Goliath!"

"That's splendid. But what about the man who was thrown off?"

"Oh, they carted him away to hospital. By the way, it was Manners!"

"John!" she gasped. "John!" She put her hands out with a blind gesture and caught hold of the top of her desk. Then she had Furnis by the arm and was shaking him.

"Was he badly hurt?"

"No. A bit bruised and shaken, but nothing seriously wrong. Why the agitation, Carol? You didn't know the fellow very well—or did you?"

"Yes," said Carol, staring past him. "I was engaged to him once."

"I—see. What happened?"

"We broke it off."

"He was a fool," said Geoffrey. "Letting you go. I would never have done that. You must always have been—sweet, Carol."

He left his perch on the desk. He came and put his hands on her shoulders and studied her small face with eyes unaccustomedly serious.

"And now, I take it, you want to go and see this fellow?"

"Yes, please."

"He doesn't deserve it, but I suppose I shall have to give you a pass to the hospital. I'd like to think you'd come flying as eagerly to my bedside, Carol."

Please turn to page 20

Dangerous CUTS & SCRATCHES HEALED

Last week-end, while cutting back some trees, the knife slipped. It made a deep gash in my hand, and a pain shot up my arm..

Luckily my wife had Rexona Ointment in the medicine cupboard. As she applied it the cruel stinging died down.

Fearfully I watched for signs of poisoning. I'm doing important defence work and I didn't want to be on the sick list.

I needn't have worried. Rexona healed the wound cleanly and quickly. I was back on the job Monday morning.

Rexona Ointment — still made from exactly the same ingredients and packed in new handy jars

1/6

Rexona's SIX healing medicaments make it the perfect remedy for all skin troubles

O.43.27

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4721965

TORCH *in the* NIGHT

"Take steady aim," The Torch said as the girls took up positions beside him.

By BERTRAM FOWLER

NILS brought the news, as they knew he would. But it was so much worse than they had feared.

He came into the cave and let the elk-hide curtain fall quickly behind him.

His voice was the hard edge of sleet. "They caught them. A Nazi patrol boat caught them off the coast day before yesterday. They were bringing the dynamite."

Olaf Thorgaen growled, "Then Frolich will soon know the rest." Olaf's rugged face, like the faces of those around him, showed no sign of the despair that was felt.

Nils nodded. "Frolich knows enough now. He knows that we must be somewhere near waiting for the dynamite. The U-boats are expected back in a few hours. When they return he will use all of his men to hunt us down. We must move farther back into the mountains."

The silence in the cave was dull and heavy. Ingrid Haansen felt a slow hand close around her heart. If Frolich, the Nazi lieutenant, knew that, he must know other things.

She lifted her head, and her face was strong, almost serene in the light from the single lantern. "And my father—my sister and her child?" Her voice was as steady as the level gaze of her blue eyes, firm as her lifted chin. "They—they are still alive?"

They all turned to face her. Nils nodded, but shifted uneasily on his feet. His voice thickened a little. "Frolich must soon suspect that it is Per Haansen who has been sending messages out to the British. Up till now they have always thought it was stupidity and indifference that kept him from leaving with the rest."

Ingrid rose slowly to her feet, a tall, long-limbed young woman with ash-blond hair. She pulled on a cap, donned a thick coat. At Olaf's questioning look she said, "I will not go away. I just want to be alone for a moment."

She sat down on a rock in front of the cave, high on the shoulder of the mountain. Over to the left and below was the overhanging ledge of rock that protected the fiord and the wharves where the U-boats would lie when they returned from their raid.

She could see the squares and oblongs of houses strung along the left bank of the fiord. All of them were deserted now; all save the one where her father remained with her sister, Helga, and Helga's child. Helga had remained with Per Haansen to care for him when he elected to stay and act as a spy on the Nazis.

Norwegian fishermen landed their tiny skiffs in the darkness and Per Haansen gave them messages and information for the British.

Ingrid had been in Sweden when the Nazis came. She had come home to see if she could help. She was too late to see her mother. They had buried what the Nazi bomb had left of her in the grove of birches behind the tiny church. After visiting her mother's grave she had taken to the mountains with this group of men.

They had fled far, then returned to this cave to carry through the plan that Olaf had made. And now that plan was gone, hopelessly shattered, and they would have to flee again.

Then she heard the planes. The throb of their motors ran through the immensity of silence like a gigantic pulse. The fiord below came to life. Tiny black dots scuttled across the snow. Shots came to her, faint and thin. Then the throb of the motors grew to a roar that filled the skies. The anti-aircraft guns around the fiord awoke to frenzied barking. Tiny pin points of orange flame licked out from the gun muzzles.

Ingrid watched a plane etched sharply and blackly in the explosion of a shell. She watched it burst into flame and go plummeting down like a fiery meteor, to explode in an earth-crashing roar against the mountainside.

The men had come out of the cave behind her. She could hear Olaf's voice, bitterly savage:

"Bomb! Bomb! Bomb! Don't they know that they cannot touch the wharves with the bombs. If only that dynamite had reached us."

Olaf stood close beside her. "You heard Nils. We must go." Gruff sympathy made his voice heavier: "If there was anything we could do for Per Haansen we would do it. But there is nothing. We must leave here and carry on the battle elsewhere."

Ingrid nodded. She could not speak. She could not trust her voice.

They were all there before the cave, staring helplessly into the fiord, when Nils turned, with a sharp exclamation. All of them turned abruptly to follow his pointed hand.

A tiny figure was plodding across the shoulder of the mountain from the direction of the ledge that overhung the fiord.

Olaf said, "I will go to meet him. It cannot be one of 'them.'"

He went down the slope and stood in the shadow of a clump of firs his rifle held level, waiting. For some unaccountable reason a pulse began to throb in Ingrid's throat, and she was conscious of a strange inner excitement.

Olaf's voice came up to them sharply: "Halt!"

Then the voice of the stranger, a calm, unhurried voice that said: "It is dark in Norway, friend."

Ingrid clasped her mittened hands to stop that trembling.

He would appear thus when he came. So the stories ran when men and women talked about him in hushed voices in their hiding places.

"Aye, it is dark." Olaf said slowly. Yet, even at that distance, Ingrid could detect the rising excitement in Olaf's voice.

The calm, warm voice went on: "There is need of light in Norway, friend."

Olaf's voice rumbled, "Where should we look for light?"

The answer came promptly: "In the night, a torch. The sun will shine in the morning."

Ingrid stopped trembling. He had come. This was he of whom they

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4721966

All the stories of him followed the same pattern, a pattern of audacious raids, of disaster where the Nazis least expected

had heard. This was "The Torch"; that Englishman who moved like an elusive ray of light through the dark of Europe.

He came up with Olaf and peered at Ingrid.

"Ingrid Haansen! They said you were here. I could not believe it. The last time I saw you, you sang in Covent Garden."

"Where else should a Norwegian be now?" she asked.

"But your voice," he protested. "Your glorious voice."

"There are other songs to sing now," Ingrid said sharply. She glanced down towards the fiord. "I have a song for such swine as those below."

The Torch chuckled. "Ah, yes; Frolich and his little playmates. I brought the orchestration along."

He slid the pack gingerly from his shoulders. "Fuses and detonators," he explained. "The dynamite was dropped in cases by separate parachutes." He smiled more widely. "The boys put on a nice show to cover dropping me and the stuff. I don't believe that any one of them below tumbled to what we were doing."

Ingrid saw Olaf's hand shake as he picked up the pack. Then he said gruffly, "Show us where the dynamite was dropped. We have little time."

Nils spoke up suddenly: "There are enough of you without me. Per Haansen is down there with his daughter and her child. I will try to get them out if I can."

Ingrid watched the men move off, then turned to Nils. "I am coming with you," she said.

They made off in the darkness, along the treacherous ledge. They were almost at the house when two soldiers stepped round the corner of it, two rifles barked. Nils fell to the ground.

The back door opened, and Lieut. Frolich's voice said, "Welcome, beautiful Ingrid. We wondered if any of you would come."

Slowly she entered the kitchen, and saw her sister Helga with her arms round the child, and her father seated in a chair against the wall. "You should not have come, child," he said gently.

Frolich interrupted:

"Your father, Fraulein, is under arrest. We were giving him a little time to give us some information before we played upon his deep affection for his little granddaughter. Perhaps you can simplify matters. Exactly where are those who were with you? And what, exactly, are they planning?"

Ingrid looked, not at Frolich, but at her father. There was a strange light in the old man's eyes. His question startled her. He asked, "Did he come, child?"

As she frowned at him he said, "Don't be afraid, child." It was as though he saw the answer in her eyes. He smiled gently. "Ah, he did come!"

Ingrid nodded.

He asked another question: "Did he bring what was expected?"

Ingrid nodded again. Bewilderment filled her. She could not understand her father asking these questions before Frolich.

It puzzled Frolich, also. He barked, "What is all this about someone coming with what was expected?"

An odd note in her father's voice grew. A note of triumph.

Per Haansen asked abruptly: "Have you a flashlight with you, Frolich?"

Frolich's eyes widened with amazement. He snapped, "Yes, you old fool. Why?"

The triumph was open and naked in Per Haansen's voice: "Throw the light up there between the two centre beams and look."

Ingrid's eyes followed the questing finger of the flashlight. The beam of light wavered, came to a stop. She let her breath out slowly. In the shaft of light the suspended bomb had an ominous sheen.

She looked at Frolich and began to smile coldly. Frolich's face was vacant, stupid with surprise and terror. He recovered himself, jerked the pistol from its holster, and whirled on Per Haansen.

Per Haansen was smiling, a terrible smile of pure triumph. He held up one hand and they all saw the fine black cord that ran from his finger up into the shadows above. As they watched he looped it around his finger, drawing it taut. His voice laughed at Frolich: "Shoot, you Nazi pig. When I fall I trip the bomb, and it falls. Shoot!"

Frolich shook his head stupidly. "But, I don't understand," he croaked. "It is mad. You are crazy mad."

"Not crazy, Frolich. Just a Norwegian. Now I will tell you where the others are. They are at this moment up on the top of the ledge above the fiord. They are planting enough dynamite to blow a mountain down upon you and all your crew; a mountain to fall on you and grind you to powder."

Frolich began to shake. He stared at Helga and the child. "Surely you don't want to kill them. Let me take them out of this. I give you my word—"

"Your word," Per Haansen said scornfully. "The word of a pig. No, Frolich, we all die together."

Everyone in the room became suddenly silent as a new sound came to them from the fiord. There was the swift gurgle of water and the sudden throb of motors.

Per Haansen's smile grew colder. "Ah, Frolich, the U-boats have returned. The mountain will fall on them along with us and your soldiers."

He glanced at the faces of the soldiers. Their faces were as abject with blank terror as was Frolich's.

Per Haansen smiled at them. "Why hold your rifles? What good are they to you now?" His voice changed, snapped in a sharp command: "Drop them!"

As the rifles clattered to the floor, Per Haansen turned his face to Frolich. "And your pistol, Frolich. Or," as Frolich hesitated, "would you rather shoot me? A Norwegian would shoot, my Nazi coward."

FROLICH'S pistol thumped to the floor. He looked wildly at the door as though in hope of some form of rescue.

Per Haansen turned to Ingrid. "Pick up Frolich's pistol, child. Take it and go, with Helga and the child. I can at least give you that chance."

As Ingrid picked up the pistol, Frolich said, "No, No. The sentry outside has orders to shoot." He turned to Per Haansen: "Let me call the sentry in."

Per Haansen shook his head slowly. "I wouldn't trust a Nazi, Frolich. She must take her chance."

Ingrid turned slowly towards the door, the pistol steady in her hand. She felt aloof and empty of all feeling. She was not afraid, merely acutely sensible of impending doom. The bomb that hung there between the beams was no more palpable than the beetling brow of the ledge that overhung them.

She dreaded to open the door. Then she looked at Helga and the child, and knew that she had to take that chance.

She was almost to the door, when it opened softly. She took a step backward as The Torch came in. "I came for you, Ingrid. There was a sentry outside. He won't bother us now." He glanced around the room, his brows coming down in a scowl of incomprehension. "But I didn't expect this. What does it mean?"

Ingrid took a step forward and picked the flashlight from Frolich's unresisting fingers. She threw the beam upward. "Look!"

The Torch looked at the bomb. His gaze ran along the string to Per Haansen's hand. His voice was full of awe as he breathed, "God in heaven."

Ingrid ran across the room and kissed her father's forehead. "You, too, will come now. We can tie Frolich and his men up and get away together."

Per Haansen shook his head. "No, child," he said steadily. "I am too old for flight now. I stayed when the others went. I shall stay now." He smiled bleakly. "You wouldn't deny an old Norseman his chosen funeral pyre?"

There was that in his eyes which stilled all arguments. Ingrid stooped and picked up a rifle. The Torch chose one and stood back, waiting, his eyes watching Per Haansen with something unfathomable in their depths.

Helga crossed to her father. Her face was unreadable as she picked up a rifle, caught her daughter to her, and went up through the door without a backward look.

Frolich's eyes followed them. His eyes were imploring. His mouth worked.

Ingrid raced towards the ledge, with Helga and The Torch behind her. Someone yelled harshly behind them. She half-turned, and saw The Torch down on one knee. He fired unhurriedly, and the Nazi who had shouted stumbled and fell.

Other men raced up from the direction of the wharves, shouting in quick alarm.

Ingrid gasped, "This way. We cannot get away now. But I know where we shall be safe for a while from bullets."

She found the place where she used to hide while playing games of childhood—a shallow depression in the cliff wall behind a boulder. She threw herself behind it with Helga, the child, and The Torch as a machine-gun began to chatter and spray the cliff with lead hail.

On the docks someone turned on a searchlight. The shaft of glaring light crept along the rock wall, searching for them. The Torch fired again, and the light died abruptly with a sharp crash of glass.

The Nazi soldiers began to close in towards them in a wide semi-circle. Ingrid put the muzzle of the rifle over the boulder and began to shoot. Beside her, Helga's rifle was spacing shots coolly.

Three men detached themselves from the back of the semi-circle and raced towards Per Haansen's house. The Torch shot one. Ingrid fired at another and missed.

Two of them reached the door and flung it open. For one second everything stood still. She could see Frolich swirling to the door. She could see her father across the kitchen. As she looked at him he jerked his hand down. She even saw the downward plunge of the bomb and heard someone scream shrilly. Then everything was blotted out in the blinding flash of a terrific explosion. The force of it flung her back against the cliff wall.

She straightened and heard someone sob brokenly. Then she realised it was herself. Tears were streaming down her cheeks. The Torch touched her shoulder, and she felt the steadying warmth of his presence.

Against the luminous water of the fiord Ingrid could see the bulk of the four U-boats. Men were moving on them. One group was swivelling a gun. She saw the starlight glinting on its long barrel.

Beside her, The Torch said, "Oh, oh, here it comes."

The first shell struck the cliff high above them. Shrapnel screamed around them and rock splinters rained down.

The Torch yelled, "Down!"

But Ingrid did not drop then. She had glanced up. As she glanced up she saw the overhanging ledge sway outward. She saw that, before the rending roar of the explosion drowned out all other sound. Then she crouched, cowering into the depression against the others, while the whole crest of the ledge leaped outward and downward in a crashing avalanche, leaving their tiny hiding-place the one refuge along the fiord. She heard the mass of rock strike the fiord with a roaring crash. She closed her eyes until the noise died down and the earth ceased to heave.

When she stood up she uttered no sound. Where houses and barracks and wharves had stood there was nothing but a wild welter of shattered rocks. The fiord was convulsed with the fury of the avalanche that had struck it. But, as she watched, that, too, died slowly, and the cold stars were again reflected in its depths.

No one spoke as they picked their way along the cliff edge. When they reached the end of it they found the little group of men waiting for them.

One said gruffly, "We didn't think you got out. We had given you up."

Ingrid told them of the shelter they had found, and asked suddenly, "But where is Olaf?"

One of them said slowly, "One had to stay and set off the charge. We had to be sure that there would be no failure. Olaf was our leader."

"Yes, I see," The Torch said slowly. "Olaf was your leader."

"But that other explosion?" one of them asked.

"That," said The Torch, "was a Viking's funeral pyre."

(Copyright)

WOMEN'S AUXILIARIES CENTRAL BUREAU

OCEAN HOUSE

34 MARTIN PLACE, SYDNEY

Girls and women wishing to join one of the following Auxiliaries may apply at the Bureau or to National Service Offices in the districts in which they reside:—

WOMEN'S ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVAL SERVICE

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S ARMY SERVICE

VOLUNTARY AIDS (Full Time Service)

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY AUSTRALIAN AIR FORCE

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S LAND ARMY

Particulars of service and application forms are available for all services. Women in certain categories are eligible for enlistment or enrolment only under specified conditions, which will be explained when applicants call at the Central Bureau or National Service Offices.

C. J. Bellemore,
DEPUTY DIRECTOR GENERAL OF MANPOWER, N.S.W.

TURF - TURF - TURF - TURF - TURF - TURF

a grand smoke

TURF

GUARANTEED 100% PURE

10 for 10d. 20 for 1/8

Save your money to save your Freedom—buy £10 National Savings Bonds.

TURF - TURF - TURF - TURF - TURF - TURF

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4721967

When I'm a grown-up lady

"I'll have a beautiful house . . ."

Indeed you will, Susan. A wonderful house, and all the work will be done by electricity.

"I won't have to wash clothes . . ."

Of course not—and neither will you have to sweep, dust and clean—or wash dishes. You won't have to iron by hand or cook in the old fashioned way; you'll have electric Servants to do all this.

"And I'll have a big motor-car . . ."

Or an aeroplane, or even something like a magic carpet. Who knows? Radios, telephones and refrigerators seemed like magic when Grandma was a little girl.

"And . . . I'll always be happy."

Happier, we hope, Susan, for when this war is over the factories now making weapons will turn again to making beautiful things for this house of yours—more beautiful than they ever made before—and many, many people will be happy again.

Hotpoint

ELECTRIC SERVANTS

Advertisement of **AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC PROPRIETARY LIMITED**

SYDNEY • NEWCASTLE • LISMORE • MELBOURNE • BRISBANE • TOWNSVILLE • ROCKHAMPTON • ADELAIDE • HOBART • LAUNCESTON — W. Aust. Agent: ATKINS (W.A.) LTD., PERTH

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4721968

Sailors return after three years on service

Convoys, battles, sinkings, rescues—these make up their stirring tales

By BETTY NESBIT

"I know my beautiful daddy," said five-year-old Barbara George when her father, Leading-Seaman William George, walked in at the front door.

Her mother is proud of Barbara's long memory, for it is three years since Leading-Seaman George went away on service with the Royal Australian Navy.

LEADING - SEAMAN GEORGE is one of a number of Australian sailors recently returned from service in the Mediterranean, the North Sea, the Arctic, and the Indian Ocean.

Some of the men, like Leading-Seaman George, have survived sinkings. All have adventurous tales to tell of action.

A number, including Commander F. B. Morris, who was in charge of the party of returning men, were aboard the destroyer in which scenes were taken for the famous Noel Coward film, "In Which We Serve."

The first thing Leading-Seaman George unpacked from his duffel bag was a doll and pyjamas he had bought in Durban for his small daughter.

He did not bring back much baggage with him.

"I lost everything when the Nestor got it," he said ruefully.

He had been in the Nestor since she was commissioned.

"Altogether we've had a few lucky escapes. One was in Glasgow. An hour before we were due to sail a small motor boat went out. It struck an acoustic mine which we would have hit.

"The motor boat blew up, and large pieces of it landed in the main street.

"Another time was in the Mediterranean one night. A mine hit our port side. We all heard the clang. It bumped alongside. We held our breaths, but it didn't go off. It must have been an Italian one.

Nestor sinking

"THE Nestor was sunk 40 miles off Crete at 6.15 p.m. Three bombs were dropped. The first hit the mast. If it hadn't it would have gone down the funnel, and then we would have been in the air still.

"We stayed on board the ship all night, trying to put the fires out, and moving ammunition, but finally, as she was almost finished, we were transferred to another destroyer and gave the Nestor a depth charge.

"Our three kittens went down in her. Their mother was the ship's mascot, Blinky Bill. We found her, but couldn't find the kittens. They were probably asleep.

"Bombing never woke them.

"We were on Malta convoys for a good while, running from Gibraltar. Spent one Christmas in that much-bombed island, and it certainly got a pasting while we were there. Sixty air raids. We knew it was coming, because we heard Lord Haw-Haw say on the radio, 'Residents of Malta, you are going to have a very happy Christmas.'"

Commander F. B. Morris, of Double Bay, Sydney, spent one of his first few nights ashore at the Liberty Loan preview of "In Which We Serve."

Commander Morris was serving in the new destroyer in which a number of scenes were taken. The destroyer was then undergoing trials in the English Channel.

"The B gun crew figures in the film," he said. "The men all spruced themselves up for the film. I never saw a gun crew ready for action with such tidy hair and clothes.

"Noel Coward spent a week on board while the scenes were being shot," he added.

Commander Morris had served in H.M.A.S. Hobart in the Mediterranean, and was then sent to England to take command of the new destroyer.

"Five days before she was launched there was a heavy air attack, and the ship was cut in two. That delayed us five months," he said.

A SAILOR COMES HOME. A.B. Ray Belcher, of N.S.W., arrives in port after long service overseas.

FAMILY SCENE. Commander F. Bryce Morris with his wife, daughter Caroline, and son Christopher in the garden of their home.

Twenty-one-year-old Able-Seaman Ray Belcher, of Eastwood, who was two years and four months abroad, served in H.M.A.S. Vendetta and H.M.A.S. Napier, saw plenty of action in both, but didn't get a scratch.

He's particularly proud that the Vendetta holds the record for the Tobruk "ferry service" — 31 trips—and to those Ray Belcher adds another six when he was in the Napier.

"We'd leave 'Alex' in the morning, get to Tobruk at midnight, unload troops and ammunition, then take on wounded right away," he said.

"We'd make cocoa in the galley and give it to the wounded, who were put on the mess-decks, where we normally slept.

"So of course we didn't sleep. The crowding was the worst part of those trips, picking your way over soldiers all the time, but the gratitude of the boys was worth it.

"We used to leave Tobruk at 2 a.m. and make 'Alex' about 2 p.m.

"We had some pretty fierce attacks, but we had a marvellous skipper, Lieut.-Commander Rhoades, D.S.C., R.A.N.

"You'd hear: 'Starboard 20,' or 'port 20,' or whatever it would be, and away we'd swing, going full speed, out of the bomb's way."

Convoy work in the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean, fighting all the way from 'Alex' to Malta in the convoy in which the Nestor was sunk, an hour in the Battle of Matapan, the taking of Madagascar, all filled two adventurous years for young Ray Belcher.

The only part that tended to get on his nerves was practice shoots in manoeuvres soon after coming out of action.

"'Playing at war,' we used to call that."

The Napier carried commando troops in the second campaign of Madagascar last September.

"We landed commandos and a landing party from the ship at Morondava, but the only resistance we got was from the Chief of Police, and a kick in the pants shut him up," said Able-Seaman Belcher.

"The landing there, in whalers and motor boats, was through heavy surf—like Bondi on a rough day.

"From there we took Vichy political prisoners with us back to Diego Suarez.

"Later, with other ships, we took troops to Tamatave, on the east coast of Madagascar. We steamed in at dawn and the admiral in charge sent one of the officers ashore in a motor boat, flying a white flag.

"He was to tell the authorities to surrender peacefully or else.

"As he neared the shore, machine-guns opened up on him. Back he came, up went our battle flags, and we opened fire, though only with small stuff, and blew the lighthouse to bits.

"Right away white flags went up all over the town. By the time we went ashore the people were all dressed in their Sunday best to welcome us."

Madagascar, according to Able-Seaman Belcher, is "hell on earth."

"The food there was terrible. The meat tasted like dead greyhound."

In contrast, a stay in Durban was "three months of heaven.

"The South African people were just wonderful to us," he said.

"Took us into their homes, gave us lovely home-cooked meals. We can't praise them too highly.

"There were five weddings in Durban and ten engagements."

Able - Seaman Belcher's eldest brother, Walter, of the A.I.F., is missing in Java. The next brother, Ron, who spent two years in the Vendetta, has been invalided out. Next comes Ken, in the Air Force, and the youngest brother is only ten.

"He'd be in it, too, if he were old enough," said Ray. "I sometimes think about what we're fighting for. Maybe it's freedom and democracy, but to me it's just a little piece of land in Sydney.

"And, by the way, don't forget to praise the boys we left behind on the other side."

After two years and nine months at sea, Petty-Officer Gunner's Mate E. Hayes, of Fivedock, N.S.W., is spending the first week of his leave at a seaside resort.

His small son Brian, aged eight, has a week's leave from school for the holiday.

Petty-Officer Hayes has been in the R.A.N. for 19 years.

ON LEAVE. Petty-Officer E. Hayes and his wife. He has been serving in an Australian destroyer overseas since the war began.

LEADING-SEAMAN W. GEORGE takes his five-year-old daughter, Barbara, to the park for a swing.

Since this war began he has done a course at a torpedo school in Glasgow, talked to Churchill at Scapa Flow, been on convoys to Iceland, Malta, Alexandria, Gibraltar; taken part in the evacuation of Crete, and the relief of the Australian garrison at Tobruk. Finished up with convoy and patrol work in the Indian Ocean.

"I've seen Japanese subs. in that ocean as big as liners," he said grimly.

"While the Napier was doing its trials at Scapa Flow, Lord Halifax and Mr. Churchill came aboard before the latter went on board the King George V to go to America.

"The Prime Minister spoke to me as he came up the gangway. Asked me whether I liked England, Scotland, the weather, and the ship.

"I replied 'No' to everything but the last.

"During the invasion of Crete we made six trips from Alexandria to Crete," he continued.

"We took extra whalers and lifeboats and landing barges on the ship for the men. My gun crew volunteered to take one of the ship's whalers. You would have thought they were rowing in the harbor regatta from the speed they got up. After about a dozen trips backwards and forwards they slowed down.

"When the soldiers came aboard they literally fell on our necks with gratitude. When they realised they were in an Australian ship that was even better.

"On our last trip back to Crete we brought out 750 men, a big crowd for a destroyer. We were bombed that time, and were eventually towed back by a tug to 'Alex.' Did we get a grand reception? No one expected us to get into port again.

"Some months later we started on the Tobruk run. Made six trips, and from what I heard later we were pretty lucky. A British destroyer captured a German submarine crew. The Germans told the British that they had chased our ship for months, had fired hundreds of torpedoes at her. Could give dates and times that they had seen it, even the courses she had taken.

Full of wrecks

"GETTING into Tobruk harbor was a rotten business. It was just full up with wrecks of ships, Axis and Allied. Alongside the jetty was one ship which had been sunk. A passageway was blasted through her side, and boards put down. We used to tie up to the wreck and unload through her.

One of the most picturesque sailors in the crew of the Napier was A.B. R. W. ('Cactus') Corr, of Queensland.

"He has a beard, the fame of which was known throughout the Mediterranean," said Petty-Officer Hayes with a reminiscent grin.

"Even the C.-in-C. of the Eastern Fleet, Sir James Somerville, commented on it. He was on board once and at the inspection asked 'Cactus' if he ever intended to cut it off. It was the bushiest we've ever seen, black with a red tinge. The captain asked him every week when he was going to shave it."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4721969

Editorial

MAY 1, 1943

PRICES STANDSTILL

PRICES will cease to rise now that the Federal Government has pegged them at what they were on April 12.

Housewives, who have watched the prices of essential foodstuffs go up 22½ per cent. since the beginning of the war, may wonder why such action was not taken earlier.

Some of them, perhaps, will imagine that the Government has solved the whole problem by waving the magic wand of a new regulation.

But the thing is by no means as simple as that.

The subsidies which the Government announces it will pay to producers and manufacturers in order to protect them against loss must come from somewhere.

And in the long run that somewhere will be the taxpayer's pocket.

This will mean more sacrifices on the top of those that the community has made already.

In a total war sacrifice cannot be evaded, whatever form it takes.

But, in coping with soaring prices, the housewife has to face a drain on her finances which is frightening in its uncertainty.

If prices continued to rise indefinitely, nervousness would become alarm, and then panic.

All the energy and resolution of the Australian people are needed to conduct the war.

Anything which draws away that energy and resolution into unessential channels, such as personal worries about the price of food, helps the Axis powers.

That is why price levels must be kept stable by whatever means that is achieved.

—THE EDITOR.

Aflame over sea, but plane got home

Diving several hundred feet over the North Sea, a bomber-pilot was able to extinguish the flames in his burning plane with the rush of air.

Sgt.-Pilot Alan Bathurst tells the story in a letter to his mother in South Hurstville, N.S.W.

"ON a night trip recently," he writes, "three of our kites had been detailed for a trip some place out over the North Sea, our crew included.

"About an hour out, after crossing the coast, our starboard engine coughed, spluttered, and emitted sheets of flame from all around.

"It was drizzling rain and the water sure looked cold and unlinviting way down there below us.

"The next thing we knew, the motor had caught fire, so we dived the kite a few hundred feet and, fortunately, the force of air put it out.

"Our problem then was to make the coast on one motor.

"After a very hectic and trying few hours we made the coast O.K., and so back to base.

"As soon as we landed the motors just quit cold, leaving us dead in the centre of the runway.

"Actually, although the trip back was a bit trying, there was nothing much to worry about because even if we had come down in the drink we would have been picked up all right, as I was in wireless communication with base all the time and was able to keep on giving them our position and course."

Cpl. K. A. Owen to his wife in Tullamore, N.S.W.:

"A STORY concerning the fate of one of our Wellingtons is of particular interest to me, as I was in charge of the riggers on this machine.

"After bombing its target, an important town in Germany, it was attacked by a night fighter, and the rear-gunner and wireless operator were wounded.

"Escaping from the fighter the plane was caught in a cone of searchlights, the 'flak' causing severe damage and wounding the front gunner who, not saying anything at the time, put a wire ligature around his leg.

"The plane dived out of the searchlights, and the front gunner said to the pilot, 'You'll have to look after yourself, Peter. I think I'm out of it.'

"Just then another searchlight from the front caught them, and Peter said, 'Hang on; I'm going to dive at this one.'

"He did so, and the wounded front gunner fired, and put the light out of action.

"Peter then wanted to land in Holland and get the wounded to hospital, but as that would have meant a P.O.W. camp they all said, 'If you think you can do it, keep on going!'

"So the wireless operator was helped into his seat and got the wireless working again, and they reached a drome in England.

"As the undercarriage was shot away they had to belly-land, but made it O.K. The wounded men recovered, and Peter gets the D.F.M.

"That trip was the last one that plane was to do before being retired, and as Peter had flown it on all his operations it was a good finish to her fighting career to bring them back."

L.A.C. LLOYD DEIN, who was a linotype operator in Sydney before joining the R.A.A.F., tries out a linotype machine in an American newspaper office.

QUIZ SESSION at a Canadian school when six airmen, five Australian and one N.Z., answered questions for an hour about their countries. L.a.c. Desmond Hood (extreme left), of Mosman, N.S.W., was the chief speaker. The rest of the team were Frank Gurmin, W. McCready, Kenneth Curtis, L. R. H. Lord, and John McDonald.

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1.

Pte. L. Salmon to his wife in Edward St., Charleville, Qld.:

"YOU want to watch the films. There were a lot taken up where we were.

"These cameramen have a ton of guts. They were right up in the attack all the time.

"In fact, one pointed out a sniper to us, and George drilled him with a Bren-gun while the cameraman took a shot of the Jap falling out of the tree.

"It was the first Jap George had got, and was he pleased! He was so excited he nearly shot Gordon and me as he swung his gun around."

Trooper W. Hughes, in Australia, to Peggy Fleming, at Ashford, N.S.W.:

"ONE afternoon I went out for a walk and came to some rough country where some magpies were making a terrible row. I crept up to have a look at what they were excited about. Did I get a shock! There was a carpet snake eight feet long.

"You would have laughed to see me trying to catch him for a pet. As I ran up to him he turned towards me and I would run away again.

"After a while I gave him a tap on the head, knocked him out, and tied his mouth shut with a bootlace and took him back to camp.

"I sure had some fun with him. He was very tame, used to crawl all over us and curl up in the tank.

"Eventually I gave him to one of the boys and he took him home with him and let him go in the garage to clean the mice out."

Pte. M. C. Miles to his mother, Mrs. E. J. Miles, Clayton, via Bundaberg, Qld.:

"I AM in a nice bed between sheets listening to an old gramophone and thunder—better than listening to the crack of a rifle and the whizz of a bullet.

"We had been out on a fighting patrol, and just started on our way back when my mate and I saw a Jap coming.

"We warned the others to go down, and all got past without him seeing us, and the last man got him.

"Meanwhile, another Jap came along the track and I passed the word back.

"But there was another I could not see on the beach. A second later I stopped a bullet in the right buttock. Two or three seconds later he threw a hand grenade at me. It lobbed a few feet away from me, but luckily I was in a bit of a hollow, and only got one piece of shrapnel, not far from the bullet wound.

"We had to march back all night through a swamp of mud and water waist deep most of the way.

"When we came to a bit of dry ground we would have a spell. I could not sit down. I had to lie down.

"It took us seventeen hours to reach our base. One of my mates carried my rifle all night, and where we had to walk out to the sea to get around to the mouth of the river and the creeks, the two R.A.P. boys got each side of me and helped me."

Interesting People

LIEUT. IAN McINTOSH, R.N.

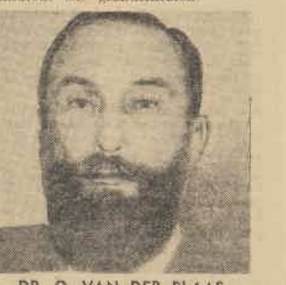
. . . two honors at 23

LIEUT. IAN McINTOSH, R.N., M.B.E., D.S.C., formerly of Adelaide, is holder of two honors at the age of 23. Entered Royal Navy as cadet. Won King's Dirk as best all-round man. In 1941 was hero of epic voyage of 1523 miles in 23 days across Atlantic to Brazil in lifeboat carrying 82 men, after his ship had been sunk by German raider. This year received Distinguished Service Cross for patrol work in submarine.

MRS. ANNIE M. WINDERS

. . . Mayoress and alderman

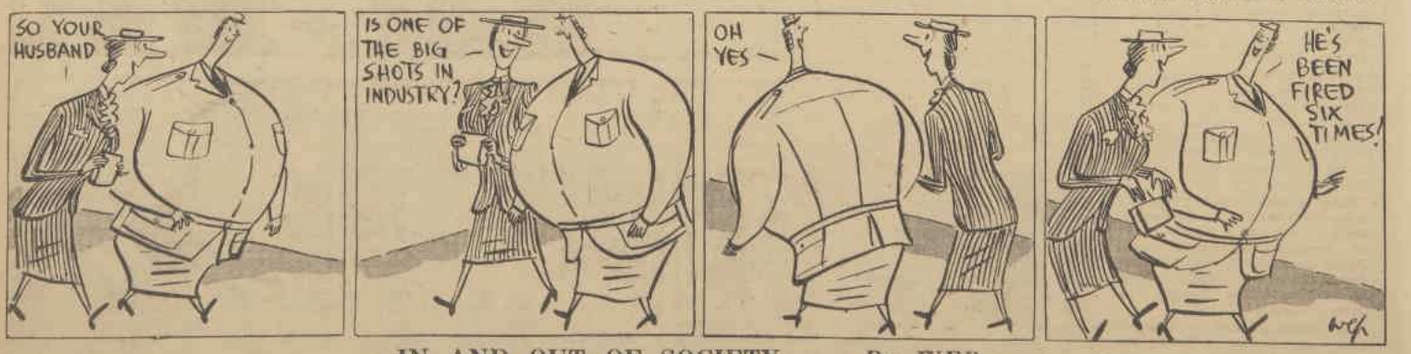
RECENTLY elected alderman for Coolangatta, Queensland, Mrs. A. M. Winders, wife of Mayor S. W. Winders, has been mayoress of town for past 10 years. Is first Australian mayoress to be elected alderman, first woman alderman in Queensland, first woman to sit on same council as husband. Has four children, six grandchildren.



DR. O. VAN DER PLAAS

. . . N.E.I. Commissioner

APPOINTED Chief Commissioner for Netherlands East Indies in Australia and New Zealand, Dr. O. Van der Plaas was member of N.E.I. High Executive Council before fall of Java. Looks after welfare of his countrymen in Australia, both military and civil.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By WEP*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4721970

As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

MOST members of the zodiacal groups, Taurus, Virgo, and Capricorn, should now find their affairs improve considerably. Consequently, they should seek advancements and gains on favorable dates.

Many Cancerians and Piscean should also benefit somewhat.

Scorpions, however, will be subject to losses and opposition or upsets, and Leonians and Aquarians should try to dodge obstructions and delays.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Consolidate past gains now instead of starting new ventures. May 1 (after 2 p.m.) fair; rest of week poor.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 22): Keep busy; seek progress and changes now. April 27 (to 2 p.m. only) and May 4 (especially from 4 to 8 p.m.) very good.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Uneventful days, so keep to routine things. April 28 (to 8 a.m.) slightly helpful. Plan for better days soon.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Things improve somewhat soon, but avoid rashness or impatience. April 30 (after 6 p.m.) fair; balance of week poor.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Be very guarded, for difficulties and upsets can dominate your affairs. This is particularly the case from April 27 to April 29, and on May 3 and 4.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Keep busy seeking desired goals. Utilise April 25 (fair), April 26 (except midday), April 27 (to 2 p.m.) excellent, and May 4 (especially after 4 p.m.).

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Many recent difficulties now ease up, but avoid rashness. April 27 (around midday) and April 28 (to 4 a.m.) fair.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Beware partings, losses, opposition, upsets, changes, and discord. Routine and patience best. April 27 (to sunset) and April 30 can produce obstructive conditions and worry. May 2 (late) and May 4 adverse.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Uneventful days now, so keep to routine affairs. April 30 poor.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Good times position; so work hard and plan ahead. Seek desired goals and changes or favors. April 25 very fair; April 26 (except midday hours) good; April 27 (to 2 p.m.) excellent; May 2 (evening) tricky, May 4 (especially from 4 to 8 p.m.) good.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Be guarded, for difficulties are likely now. April 27 to April 30 (sunset) and May 3 (evening) adverse. May 2 poor; also May 4.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): April 25 (early morning) and April 26 (near midday) poor; but April 28 (midnight hours), April 27 (to 2 p.m.) and April 30 (after 8 p.m. only) quite helpful.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

FILM GUIDE

★★★ **Pride of the Yankees.** Compelling and moving life story of the late Lou Gehrig, America's baseball hero, acted on the screen by Gary Cooper, Teresa Wright, and a strong supporting cast. Walter Brennan makes his role of sportswriter a little gem.—Mayfair; showing.

★★ **The War Against Mrs. Hadley.** Fay Bainter and Edward Arnold in timely propaganda film of a pampered woman who eventually faces up bravely to war crisis and personal tragedy.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

★★ **Orchestra Wives.** Glenn Miller's famous swing band is background for this entertaining story of behind scenes life of a huge orchestra. George Montgomery, Ann Rutherford lead a glamorous series of orchestra wives.—Plaza; showing.

★ **Yank at Eton.** Mickey Rooney is a typical American boy enrolled at Eton in this rather patchy drama of American enterprise versus British tradition. Edmund Gwenn, Ian Hunter, Freddie Bartholomew, Marta Linden in support.—St. James; showing.

★ **The American Empire.** Routine story of Texas cattle-raising country in post civil war days, with Richard Dix, Leo Carrillo, Preston Foster, and Frances Gifford.—Civic; showing.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician,
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and
PRINCESS NARDA: Of Cockaigne, are trying to solve the mystery of several attempted murders at an old-fashioned home where they are spending the week-end with
CLAIR: Who occupies the house with her
UNCLE: A sinister figure, whose hobby is orchids. Clair has tried to destroy
BOB: Her fiance, after which both Lothar and Narda attempt Mandrake's life. Then when Narda learns of an orchid whose perfume creates an urge to kill, Uncle imprisons her in a cellar.
He is about to shoot her when he overhears Bob and Clair announce that they are to be married on the morrow. This will deprive him of her property. NOW READ ON:

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4721971

RIVER SCENE IN PAPUA with a native village in the background. Three missionaries, who were later killed, Miss Mavis Parkinson, Sister May Hayman, and Rev. James Benson sheltered in a native village in the jungle for some weeks.

PAPUAN BEACH after an attempted Japanese landing, showing the devastated beach area.

Tragic story of girls' flight from Japanese

Killed in Papua, young missionary left vivid letter to parents

When the Japanese landed at Gona last July three Anglican missionaries—a clergyman and two girls—fled through the jungle in an effort to escape.

The missionaries had chosen to stay when white women were evacuated seven months before.

FOR many days they pushed on through the thick growth. The natives were good to them, and gave them food and shelter.

Once the girls hailed some natives who were walking up a road in the twilight. They suddenly realised that the "natives" were Japanese soldiers, but luckily their shouts had not been heeded.

During a halt at Siai the girls, 26-year-old Miss Mavis Parkinson and Sister May Hayman, wrote letters to their parents in Australia.

Those letters were afterwards found by a native sergeant and sent on. They described in vivid detail the day-to-day events in their flight from the Japanese.

But in October, five months before the letters reached their destination, the parents were notified of the girls' deaths. The Rev. James Benson, who was the third member of the party, was also killed.

This month Mr. Parkinson heard from New Guinea how the girls met their deaths.

A native saw the Japanese take the girls to a plantation, dig a grave, and kill them with their bayonets.

Later, the bodies were disinterred by Australian authorities and reburied at the Sangara Mission. Native women and children brought many flowers and placed them on the graves.

Enclosing the girls' letters to the parents, Bishop G. H. Cranswick, chairman of the Australian Board of Missions, quoted a major-general at Administrative Headquarters in New Guinea, who wrote: "I think that the spirit displayed by the two girls is very wonderful, and should serve as an example to many of us frailer mortals."

A senior staff officer, who saw the letters for possible intelligence value, said: "I think these are the most courageous letters I have ever seen."

This is the letter from Mavis Parkinson to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Parkinson, at Ipswich, Queensland:

August 5, 1942.

DEAREST MUMMY,—Darling, I know how terribly worried you all must be, but if thoughts can comfort I know you must be comforted.

Father Benson, May, and I are in a little hideout in the bush, and, indeed, are doing what probably few white men have done before—living in the heart of the Papuan jungle.

On Sunday, July 18, Sergeant Hewitt and Signaller Palmer arrived at Gona on their way through from Buna, and as they had a few days to spare decided to salvage the American aeroplane that had crashed on our station.

As we had visitors at night, May and I dressed for dinner in our long frocks, and afterwards, as it was rather warm, took the light and gramophone out under the palm trees on the lawn, where we talked and ate chocolate the boys had received in Comforts Fund parcels.

Tuesday passed as usual (I was examining the schools) and early in the afternoon I pressed my pretty blue georgette evening frock to wear that night.

About 4.45 p.m. I heard yells from Lancelot, one of my pupil-teachers: "Sister, Sister, are you there? Oh, Sister, come quickly!" as he ran up the path from the beach.

I simply could not believe my eyes. There were four big ships not far out to sea, and another two on the skyline.

Then the boats farther out opened fire on those nearer the beach, burst after burst of shellfire until the ground shook with the explosions.

Soon a Flying Fortress came over, and one of the transports opened up fire on her. Then ensued a most thrilling naval battle, the warships, both ours and Japan's, seeming to move around like tiny boats, they were so quick.

Then the transports put down dinghies, and men got into them, so we decided we'd better move to a healthier spot.

We rushed up to the house, grabbed a box, and flung as much as we could into it, our nicest dresses, some undies, comb, toothbrushes, soap, shoes, etc.

The soldiers had meanwhile gone up the beach.

Our mission boys were so frightened, but so brave, and carried our things for us along the only road we could take—the mission road to Kokoda.

THE LATE MISS MAVIS PARKINSON, of Ipswich, Queensland, whose parents received a letter from her five months after they had been notified of her death in Papua.

It was by then 6.30, and as it was fairly dark we stopped at the first little garden house along the track, a mile from Gona.

There we said Evensong with the boys, put up our mosquito nets and prepared to settle down.

About a quarter of an hour later we heard footsteps on the road, and voices.

We thought they were village people going into hiding, and I called out to them, first in English, "Boys, come here, we want you," then the same in Motu, but only silence answered.

Soon another lot came, and again we called out, and Father whistled, but again silence.

Then we saw a torch flash, heard the clank of a bayonet, and knew we had been calling out to patrols of Japanese soldiers passing up the mission road.

Our way to Isivita or Sangara was cut off, and we could hear the Japs all round us on the various Kokoda roads.

Crossed Kokoda road

MAY and I thought we'd like a run for our money, so suggested we should wait our chance of getting over the Kokoda road and into the bush on the other side.

We grabbed up our mosquito nets, ground sheets, a blanket each, a tin of biscuits, and a parcel of chocolate Mr. Champion had sent us the day before, a billy-can for water, and Father had his walkabout haversack.

We left everything else, and crept down the path to the track where the Japs were, and as soon as the way was clear, between patrols went for our lives across that road and into the thick, wet grass on the other side.

We pushed through the undergrowth to a log, a damp, rotten one, where we spent the rest of the night.

We were all glad to see dawn, and, after eating a biscuit each, pushed on through the bush.

By a great mercy Father had a compass in his bag, one given us by Lieutenant Dickenson, an American pilot who had crashed near us and stayed at Gona for some weeks.

We'd not gone far when the first raid on Gona occurred.

We crouched against a big tree, hoping to get some protection. The air seemed thick with bombs and shells, the planes roared just above our heads, and the air seemed full of dog-fights.

Things quietened down after about eight or ten minutes, and we said Matins then continued our journey through the bush.

Less than every half-hour throughout that day there was a raid.

We had lunch (two milk coffee biscuits and a piece of chocolate each), and again pushed on, but about 3.30 p.m. we came to a big tree with a brush turkey's nest at its foot, and we decided to make our camp for the night.

There had already been 19 raids on Gona that day (surely a record), and as soon as the moon rose they started again.

Next day, to our dismay, we got into a sago swamp, and only if you've been in this country could you know what that means—prickly, almost impenetrable undergrowth, and slushy mud underfoot into which it is possible to sink up to one's waist and even neck, and always the chance of crocodiles.

However, we decided to go east, retracing our footsteps, and try to get round that way.

Soon we came to a clean, running stream, and while Father went farther up the river, May and I stripped and got into the water.

Oh, it was heavenly to feel that cool water on our bodies, and to bathe our poor legs, torn by the prickles and thorns of the bush.

Thus we went on for some distance until, to our great joy, we came to natives.

They made a great fuss of us, and prepared food for us. My word, we were pretty hungry, too, and just ate taro and sweet potato out of the cooking-pot—no salt or anything!

They told us of Japs on the tracks nearby—more patrols, of course, and also told us we were on the track to Siai, our out-station.

We walked hard next morning, and about lunch-time met three Bakumbari (a village about 10 miles from Gona) boys on the track.

We were quite overwhelmed by their affectionate greetings. They carried our swags then, and on we went, and arrived at Sageri about mid-afternoon.

From there sent a letter on to Siai, telling Father John Tiofari, our assistant native priest, who happened to be at Siai giving the Christians there their communion, to meet us the next day.

Next morning off we went again, the Sageri people carrying our swags, and just beyond Orosusu met Father John, Nathaniel (the Siai teacher), and a crowd of Siai people, Christian and heathen.

As long as I live I shall never forget the welcome they gave us. They hugged and patted us for ages and actually cried over us.

They took us on to Siai station, and there we had another demonstration, by the women this time.

They brought us food and hot water for a bath. May and I took off our filthy dresses and washed them, and while they dried May wore a cassock of Father John's, and I wore an alb!

The people decided the best thing to do would be to build us a cottage in the bush where we should be hidden until things cleared up a little.

We could still hear the bombs falling on Gona.

So we came to this house just a fortnight ago to-day (August 10).

Mr. Chester sent May and me some clothes belonging to a woman who evacuated in January—dresses and scanties, and a few towels and two nightdresses, so we're beautifully fitted out.

We've simply no idea what is happening, though we do know that the bombing of Gona has stopped.

Of course, we hear all sorts of rumors. We heard of fighting for Kokoda at Olive Hill, and now we hear of fighting on the Moresby road.

We heard that the Japs' cartridges are finished, and the fighting is now hand to hand.

(Here the letter ends.)

Especially for the Men of the Armed Forces of the United Nations

★"The Kate Smith Show"
Tuesday, 6.15 p.m.

★"The Hit Parade"
Thursday, 6.15 p.m.

★"Fibber McGee & Molly"
Saturday, 6.15 p.m.

Presented by arrangement with the Special Service Division of the United States War Department

from 2GB

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4721972

Waaafs in the North . . . at work and on leave

SECTION-OFFICER KATHLEEN SUTHERLAND (left), W.A.A.A.F. messing officer somewhere in Northern Australia, discusses the day's rations with one of the cooks. Tropical fruits are popular with the girls.

LOADING AN ENGINE COWL into an R.A.A.F. transport plane for a battle area. Waaafs do this job, unloading from tenders and into planes at transport squadrons.

POLISHING THE BEARINGS of an electric motor. A.c.w. Leone Bowdler is expert at this job at an aircraft depot. "Lapping" is the technical name of this operation, which is one of many such jobs being done efficiently by members of the W.A.A.A.F.

BEACH EXERCISES. Waaafs do physical training once a week on beach near their barracks in the north. Exercises help to keep girls fit for arduous tropic conditions.

STRETCHER FOR BATTLE FRONT is unloaded from a tender at an R.A.A.F. transport squadron by A.c.w. Joan Hatfield. It is then taken to transport plane for a battle area.

ON LEAVE. R.A.A.F. friends escort to jetty a Waaaf who has had a few days' rest at a leave house on an island resort. Girl in shorts is also a Waaaf, who was still on leave.

WAAAFS enjoy a rest on cane lounges under shady trees. They are convalescent after a spell in the sick bay at an R.A.A.F. station somewhere in Northern Australia.

—Department of Air photos.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4721973

Continuing . . . Common People

"YOU carry a lot of notes," the timber man said as Pel put a bundle back in his pocket.

"You'd have shied off a cheque."

The other laughed. "You bet."

He went with Pelham to the door. "I'm glad I met you," he said. "I'm sorry about the card. You know we have to be careful. We were done in by a circus chap some months ago."

"Yes?" Pel said. "Mind saying who?"

"Not at all. Chap called Castelli—but he was Irish."

"That's right," Pel said. "Pat Castles."

"Know him?"

"I did. His tent show was blown away in a storm. Got pneumonia out in the wet trying to save his animals."

"Is that so? Too bad. Still he should have let me know."

"He couldn't," Pel said. "He died in three days."

The timber man went back to his office and brought his hat. "I'm going out to buy Mr. Pelham a drink," he said.

"Yes, sir."

Pelham went nearer to the lad. He stretched out his hand suddenly and extracted a two-shilling piece from the air.

"You should have seen that there," he said to the astonished youth. He put the coin into his hand. "It's yours, anyway," he said.

The timber man learned a lot more while he was having his drink.

When he got back to his office he went quickly to his desk and hurriedly counted the one-pound notes Pelham had given him as deposit. They were all there.

Pel, meanwhile, was paying another call.

"I hope you don't want 'em in a hurry," Speel, the printer, said, looking at the copy Pel had handed him for the signs he needed.

"Always in a hurry, Mr. Speel," Pel grinned.

"You're all the same, you fellows," Speel growled. "Sometimes I wish I'd never seen a showman."

A telegraph messenger entered.

"I bet this is more trouble," the old man said, opening the envelope.

"There y'are. What did I tell ya?" He read the message. "Send five hundred daybills to-night's train, Dubbo, five hundred Wellington, five hundred——" "That's Maroni for you. Who does he think he is? King Muck? Owes me five hundred quid, too."

"But he'll pay," Pel smiled.

"Of course he'll pay," the old man snorted. "That's the trouble with him. Just when you think you've got a good excuse for telling him to go to billio in he pops with his money."

He peered over his spectacles at Pel. "Once he owed me fifteen hundred pounds. Folk told me I was a mug to let him get into me like that. They gets me all hit up. So I sends him a wire, 'What about my fifteen hundred pounds?' and what d'you think he wires back? 'What about my thousand daybills. Quit worryin' and you'll do better printing!'"

"He's a good scout," Pel said.

"You don't have to tell me," Speel said and, leaning towards Pel, added in a lower tone, "Say, Pel, what became of that girl of his?"

"Rena?"

"The one on the flying trapeze. We had her on a daybill in tights. Three-color job. All the lads pinched one."

"She's here. I saw her last night. She's going back to the show."

"No? Well I'm glad to hear that. Thought old Dad looked kinda peeked last time I saw him. Didn't like to ask." He looked down at the copy Pel had given him. "What you got this time?" He read out:

"VISITORS ARE REQUESTED TO PASS SILENTLY ROUND THE GLASS TOMB."

He looked up. "What is it?" he asked. "A mummy?"

"Starving man."

The old man raised his eyebrows. "Ought to be good," he said. "Funny, ain't it, how folk'll pay to see a man starving in a shop and won't give him a penny if he's starving in the gutter." He surveyed the paper again. "I'll put a black border round this," he said. "Give it dignity. Sort of mourning-card effect."

"Fine," Pel agreed.

from page 4

Speel picked up another piece of copy and read:

OWING TO INDISPOSITION SAPOLIO WILL REMAIN IN BED TO-DAY. QUIET PLEASE.

"Good stuff," he commented. "That better be in strong black, too. How long's he starving?"

"Seventy days."

Speel chuckled. "No good to gundy. Bet he eats his head off when he comes out. Want some postcards, I s'pose?"

"Stocked up for the moment, but we'll want some later. Need some of these, though." He tossed over a worn pamphlet entitled "Starving For a Living"—By Henri Sapolio, the world's champion Faster. Price Sixpence."

"Come up and see the show some time, Mr. Speel."

"You bet."

"Want a deposit?"

"I got no time makin' out receipts. I'll give you the bill when you collect the stuff."

"Thanks, Mr. Speel. So long."

The old printer stood, papers in hand, and called as he was leaving:

"Let's know about Dad Maroni's girl. I bet the old man'll be tickled pink."

As Pel stepped into the street he was hailed from a taxi. Dan Carey, a carnival man, beckoned him.

"Going up town, Pel?" he asked.

Pel opened the door of the car and noted that Dan was not alone.

"Meet Mr. Micklewitz," Dan said.

A midget man sat in the corner of the cab and gravely held out his hand, which Pel as gravely accepted. "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Milke——"

"Call me Mick."

"That's the stuff," Carey cried. "Mick's from Vienna. I brought him out. Paid those steamship robbers full fare, too."

The midget could not have been more than thirty inches high, but he was in perfect proportion. His eyes were intelligent, his head well shaped, his figure dapper. He was neatly dressed and you noticed at once the shiny, well-made shoes. They were a perfect fit and were made for him—twelve pairs at a time—by a Paris expert.

As a showman Pel regarded him with approbation, and his approval grew when he heard the little fellow talk.

"I hope you'll be a big success here, Mick."

"Thank you. You are in the show business?"

"Pel's one of the best sprinkers in the country," Carey said. "What you working on, Pel?"

Pelham told him.

"That ought to hold 'em," Carey said. "Pity you couldn't start him in the city, work up the excitement and finish the last ten days on the showgrounds, where the mob is. Oh, boy!"

"It's an idea," Pel said, but he didn't think it was.

"I work with Sapolio one, two, three times," the midget said, in his childish voice. "In Paree, in Lisbon, and in Buenos Aires. He is a good man."

"I think so," Pel said.

"Where can we drop you?" Carey asked.

Pel grinned. "At the police office if you don't mind," he said.

"Wow!" Carey cried. "Don't tell me, I can guess. You've murdered some one."

"You're a mind reader, Dan. Goodbye, Mick. Like to see you and your manager some time."

Carey cackled. "Him?" He jerked his thumb at the midget. "He's his own manager. And can he manage? Boy, after I've paid him his cut I'll be opposition to your starving man, only mugs won't be paying to see me. So long, Pel. See you keep your pick and shovel tidy." He turned to the taxi man. "Gee-up there."

Rorke was not at his office. Pel left his name and was leaving when he ran into a tall, fair man who grabbed his arm.

"Why, hello, Pelham," he called genially.

Pel shook the hand he extended.

"I was looking for Rorke, Mr. Linley," he said. "He wants to see me."

"The Chief's put him on to something," the detective said. "He won't be back to-day. What does he want with you?"

"I don't know."

"Been up to anything?"

Pelham laughed. "Not so's you'd notice."

Linley took him by the arm. "Not in a hurry, are you? Rather wanted to have you meet someone." He steered Pel into his office and spoke on the phone for a while; then he got up. "Come on."

They walked down a passage and a policeman opened the door of another room. A heavy, round-faced man rose from his seat at a desk.

"This is Pel Pelham, Chief," Linley said. "Pelham, meet Superintendent Graham." The two shook hands.

"Sit down, Mr. Pelham," Graham said. "Don't go, Linley. Linley and I were speaking of you, Mr. Pelham, and I thought I'd like to meet you. From what Linley says you're the sort of man that might be very useful to us here."

Pel was frankly puzzled. "I really called because Rorke asked me," he said.

Superintendent Graham raised his eyebrows.

"They don't hit it," Linley explained. "Incompatability of temper."

Graham smiled. "I think I remember something about an incident on the showground. What was it?"

"I had been selling my prize writing paper," Pel began.

"Explain the racket to the Chief," Linley said.

Pel hesitated and Graham said with a laugh: "Without prejudice, of course."

"It's a door-to-door stunt," Pel explained. "When the lady opens I've got several boxes of notepaper spread out on the verandah. I tell her I'm advertising the Golden Laurel Writing Tablets—a full box with 36 envelopes—and to publicise the same the Golden Laurel people have included a prize in every packet. It may be only a little prize—a packet of hairpins or chewing-gum, a little brooch or pin, but in every twelfth packet there is a watch.

"I am stooping and move the packets round with my left hand as I talk."

"And can he talk?" Linley interposed.

"'In this one,' I say," Pel went on, "'there may be some little trinket, in this a packet of pins, in this the watch itself.' I indicate three packets on the ground and pick up another packet with my right hand and still talking hold it up high in the air saying, 'In this one perhaps a bit of chewing-gum.' Still holding the packet with my right hand extended, with my left hand I go on moving other packets around saying what I think might be in them.

"Then I casually put down the box I have been holding in my right hand and say, 'So, there you are, lady, try your luck.'"

"And then?" The Superintendent was interested.

"And then," Pel said, "she buys the packet I had held up in my right hand."

"Why?"

"Because," Pel explained, "she heard the watch ticking."

"But when later on she opens the packet there is no watch inside."

"There is no watch."

"Then how did she hear the ticking?"

Pel extended his right arm and pulled back his cuff. "Because," he explained gravely, "I had a loud ticking watch sewn inside my cuff. When I held up the box of notepaper it was that watch she heard ticking."

The Chief though a moment. "Wasn't that cheating?"

Pel nodded. "Yes, sir," he said. "She was cheating. She thought she was on a sure thing. She was buying notepaper, not a watch. I asked her to take a chance."

"After all, sir," Linley put in, "for the sake of argument, if by some chance a man knew for certain which marble was to be drawn from the lottery barrel and then asked for and received a ticket with the corresponding number, it wouldn't be fair to the other investors."

"That's right, sir," Pel said. "When these women buy the box they are quite certain the watch is inside. They are spoiling the chances of other buyers."

The Superintendent looked a little bewildered.

"Good heavens," he said at length. "Between you you'll talk me into believing anything. But how does Rorke come into this?"

Linley told him:

"Pelham was on the showground with a group around him. He had spread out his boxes. Rorke was watching but Pelham didn't see him. Suddenly Rorke noticed that Pelham had twelve boxes on the ground. Mind you," he smiled at Pel, "he's careful to say, 'There's one in every twelve,' not 'There's one in every twelve I put out,' but Rorke took it to mean the latter."

"I think I would, too," Graham said.

Linley continued: "Rorke yelled: 'I'll take the twelve.' Pel recognised him and knew he was in for trouble, or at least legal argument he couldn't afford.

"Quick as a flash he empties another dozen or so boxes on to the ground, mixing them with the ones already there, and, with a really charming smile, I'm sure, he says: 'I'm sorry, sir. I couldn't do that. If I sold you the whole dozen I'd be contravening the lottery act.'"

The Superintendent stared. "But that's nonsense," he said.

"Of course it is, sir," Linley said, "but Rorke didn't see that as quickly as you might have. And the crowd was taken in. It sounded like good logic."

"I'd like you to know, sir," Pel said, "that the watches are really in the packets."

"One in every twelve?"

Pel hesitated. "Well, sir," he said at last, "our arithmetic isn't always so good."

The Superintendent grunted. "Anyway," he said, "the watches can't be much good."

"They're not," Pel agreed blandly, "but the writing paper's fine."

Superintendent Graham began drawing faces on his blotting-pad. Without looking up he said:

"You know, Pelham, we often get in a jam here. There's things we want to know—things that it's difficult for Linley and his boys to discover. How you move about. I don't mean you mix with criminals. But you live in a different world. You hear things that we don't. You should be able to help us." He looked up across the desk. "You could help us, Pelham, and do us a great service."

He paused as Pel did not speak. "We could put you on to a job right now." He glanced at Linley. "And we would not be ungrateful."

Pel looked down at his finger-nails. They were well-kept. Highly-polished.

"I think I get you, sir," he said. "But I wouldn't be any good."

"Why?"

"Well, sir, I'd be prejudiced. I'd be for the underdog all the time. Please don't get me wrong," he went on as Linley was about to interrupt. "I know there are plenty of bad crooks and good policemen, but I've sort of been through the mill, and I wonder what made the crooks crooked. When you've got that bee in your bonnet you can't see straight—from your angle, I mean."

He finished a little lamely, a bit uncertain of himself.

"I see." The Superintendent rose. "Well, perhaps you'll change your mind. We'll have a yarn later. Good-bye, Pelham."

Linley escorted him to the front entrance. "Sorry, Pel," he said, "but you don't know the half of it. Don't get the idea he was asking you to become a police pimp. And keep it under your hat."

The detective returned to Graham's office. The Superintendent was gazing at his cigarette smoke. "You know, Linley," he said, musingly, "I'm rather glad he didn't come at it all at once. And yet, I watched him when you were talking about Rorke, and I'm sure he'd be just the man for the job."

To be continued

Animal Antics

"Let's see now, where was I when we were so rudely interrupted?"

American broadcasts for the troops

Three programmes from 2GB

So that the armed forces of the United States now in Australia may hear those radio programmes which have been a familiar part of their lives at home, the Special Service Division of the United States War Department has arranged to release some of the outstanding broadcasts heard in America to-day.

STATION 2GB has made arrangements to carry out three of these programmes, and they will be broadcast from 6.15 to 6.45 p.m. every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

These are "The Kate Smith Show," every Tuesday night, "The Hit Parade," every Thursday night, and "Fibber McGee and Molly," on the Saturday night. They will be heard in that order from week to week.

"The Kate Smith Show" is not devoted to the songs of Kate Smith. Other singers are featured, and there is also comedy. Kate Smith not only features numbers associated with her name, but also introduces new songs. The show is one of the most popular of America's programmes, and should be welcomed by the United States Forces, as well as by the average Australian.

In "The Hit Parade," every Thursday night, ten songs adjudged the most popular of the moment by the American public will be featured. Each is sung or played by leading vocalists or orchestras, and the climax is the presentation of the No. 1 and 2 fancies of the American public.

Here are the numbers in their order of popularity, as broadcast last Thursday night: "White Christmas," "When the Lights Go On Again," "Mr. Bye-Bye-Bye," "Dearly Beloved," "Manhattan Serenade," "I'm Getting Tired So I Can Sleep," "Daybreak," "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition," "My Devotion," "There Are Such Things."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, April 28: Reg Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, April 29 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "All Those in Favor."
FRIDAY, April 30: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody.
SATURDAY, MAY 1: Goodie Reeve presents Radio Competition, "Melody Couplets."
SUNDAY, May 2 (from 4.30 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "First of All, It's Music."
MONDAY, May 3: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."
TUESDAY, May 4: Musical Alphabet.

To the average Australian listener, "Fibber McGee and Molly" are strangers, but every American knows them as two of the most lovable and humorous characters on the air. They are an average married couple, and they fit as well into an Australian setting as into any American town or city.

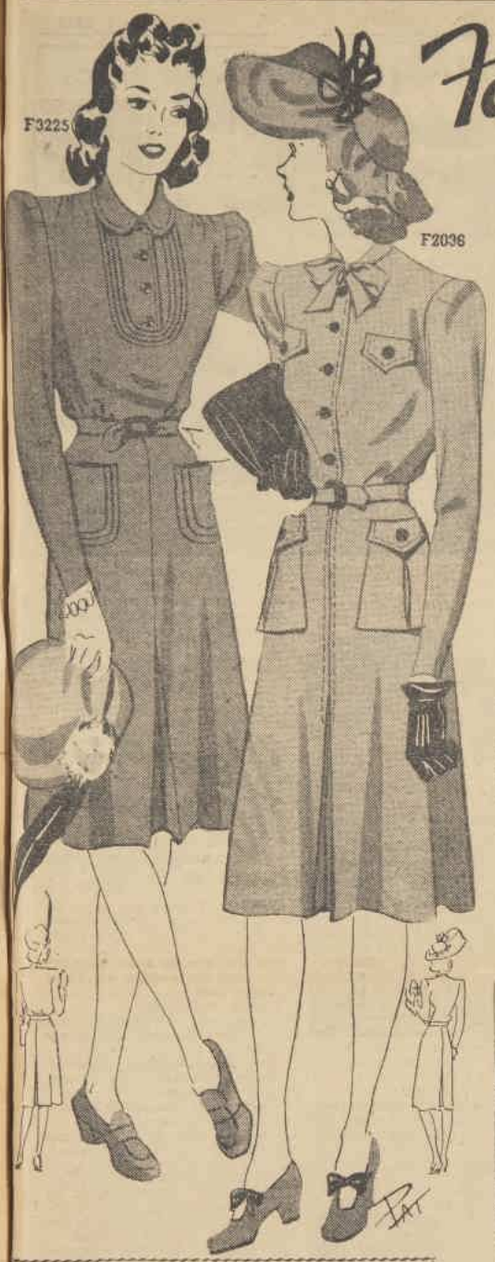
The first broadcast last Saturday night concerned Fibber McGee's adventures as a duck-shooter, and, in keeping with his nickname, his story was not entirely authentic, as was shown when his wife discovered that the only duck he shot was purchased from the local butcher.

In making these programmes available, the American Government has expressed the hope that they will be welcomed by the men of the fighting services of all the United Nations.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4721974

Fashion PATTERNS



F3225.—Youthful woollen frock with attractive front and pockets. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

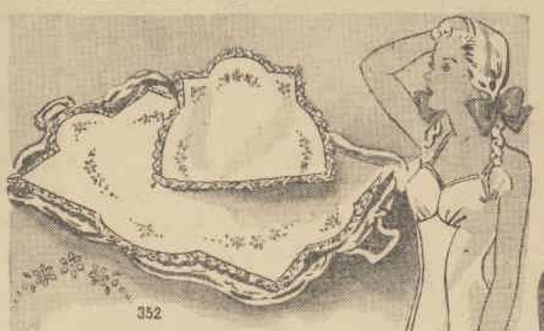
F2036.—Tailored frock with soft bow necktie and unusual pocket treatment. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1944.—Attractive bolero frock for the mother-to-be. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide for frock, and 1¼yds., 36ins. wide, for bolero. Pattern, 1/7.

F1865—Pretty lace-trimmed blouse for autumn suits. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2¼yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F237.—Cosy woolly siren suit for one to six years. Requires 2¼yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



ATTRACTIVE TRAYCLOTH AND COSY.

THIS dainty set (No 352) is available in organdie in delicate shades of green, lemon, pink, blue, also white, and on a thick, hard-wearing material, linette, in lemon, green, blue, pink, coffee, and white—all traced for easy embroidery. Edges are left plain for lace or crochet finish. Here are the prices in organdie:

Traycloth (18in. x 12in.), price, 2/6. Cosy (13in. x 10in.), 2/9. Complete set, 5/-.

In linette: Traycloth, 2/3. Cosy, 2/6. Complete set, 4/6. Plus postage, 4½d.

CHIC SLIP IN FLORAL LINGERIE SILK.

THIS well-fitting slip (No. 2836, shown right) may be traced clearly, and all ready to cut out and make up. It comes in lingerie silk patterned in small floral designs on pink, blue, and white backgrounds.

Guaranteed washable and well-wearing. The design features an uplift brassiere top, slim panel skirt with a slight flare.

Sizes 32 and 34in. busts, 19/11—6½d. postage, and 8 coupons.

Sizes 36 and 38in. busts, 22/6—6½d. postage, and 8 coupons.

Paper pattern only, for 1/4.

CHILD'S FROCK.

NOTE No. 200 at left. It is traced in a floral dimity in shades of pink, blue, green, and lemon. Also in linette in pink, blue, green, lemon, coffee, and white—all ready to cut and sew. The design is quaint with its Princess lines, buttoned front, and twin hip-pockets.

In dimity floral: Sizes 2 to 4 years, 5/11; 4 to 6 years, 6/11 (4 coupons), 6½d. postage.

Plain linette: Sizes 2 to 4 years, 3/11; 4 to 6 years, 4/11 (4 coupons), 6½d. postage.

Paper pattern only, costs 1/4.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your name and full address in block letters. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child.

Fashion Frock Service

"CECILY" TAILORED SHIRTMAKER FROCK

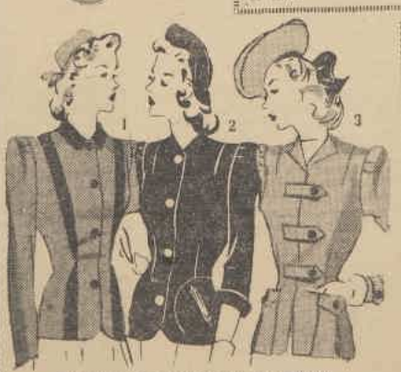
AN asset to any wardrobe is this plain, well-cut frock with its shirtmaker top and softly flared skirt. "CECILY" is specially designed for a patterned lightweight rayon wool material and is interpreted in a range of attractive shades, including royal, wine, rust, turquoise, and navy with a fine white line check.

Sizes 32, 34-inch bust. Ready to wear, 52/6 (13 cpns); cut out only, 41/- (13 cpns.).

Sizes 36, 38, 40-inch bust. Ready to wear, 56/9 (13 cpns.); cut out only, 44/6 (13 cpns.).

Postage, 1/9½ extra.

How to obtain "CECILY." In N.S.W., obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3498RR, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. When ordering, be sure to state bust measurements and name of model.



SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Pattern available for one month only from date of issue.

THREE SMART JACKETS FOR NIPPY AUTUMN DAYS—Sizes 22, 24, 26.

No. 1.—Requires 2yds., 36ins. wide, and 1yd contrast.
No. 2.—Requires 2¼yds., 36ins. wide.
No. 3.—Requires 2¼yds., 36ins. wide.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed.

Send your order to "Pattern Department," in the address to your State, as under:

Box 1688A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 481O, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 488F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Box 183C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 488W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 488W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

STREET .....

SUBURB .....

TOWN .....

STATE .....

SIZE ..... Pattern Coupon, 1/5/43

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4721975

LOAN RALLY. Landgirl Pat Thurbon squints down the barrel of gun on an Australian-made cruiser tank at the loan rally in Martin Place, while Pte. I. Fleming, A.I.F., looks on.

VISIT BACKSTAGE. Gladys Moncrieff shows mascot made by Army hospital patients to American composer-conductor Leith Stevens, of U.S. Office of War Information, in her dressing-room.

FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS. Lady Keith Smith and Hera Roberts try their hand at flower arranging in preparation for competition to be run during exhibition of Glass and China for Red Cross at David Jones' from May 11. Auction of exhibits on May 18.

On and Off Duty.

CHEERFUL party at American Red Cross Service Club for twenty Red Cross workers who arrive to take up jobs in American Red Cross all through the South-west Pacific area.

In officers' lounge of the Club new arrivals are welcomed by Red Cross official, and Mr. C. K. Gamble, Red Cross delegate, gives them short speech of welcome.

Find they are all college graduates, and before joining the Red Cross held down variety of interesting jobs.

Gwenyth Evans, who will do secretarial work, was for several years on editorial of "Harper's Bazaar" and also worked in the story department of Paramount Pictures.

Ruth Simmering, who is a psychiatric social worker, tells me she had several years in Chicago State Hospital, while Grace Allen Brown, who majored in dramatics at Landor College, Greenwood, S.C., will be a staff assistant.

Delee Staunton, who is an anthropologist, and has been playground supervisor and secretary for girls' community clubs, will be a recreational worker.

• • •

EVERY Wednesday at Mrs. F. A. Chaffey's flat in Manning Road, Double Bay, members of the 5th Independent Company Comforts Fund pack parcels for soldiers.

This Wednesday special meeting is called to answer appeal by Padre V. H. Sherwin for illustrated papers, books, and playing cards, which are urgently needed.

Contributions may be left with Mrs. Chaffey, and will be packed up immediately to send.

• • •

DIAMOND ring for Phyllis Tooth when she announces engagement to Lieut. Charles Bruce Goodrich, U.S. Army.

Phyllis is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Tooth, of Summer Hill, and Lieut. Goodrich is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Max Goodrich, of Davison, Michigan, U.S.A.

• • •

SUPPORT for Gillian Cope-Smith, daughter of Mrs. J. Cope-Smith, of Balgowlah, candidate in Red Cross Baby Competition, comes in letter from R.A.A.F. station in north, together with cheque.

"We don't know you or Gillian, but we do know Johnny, and we wanted to buy some votes for his daughter," says writer.

Johnny Cope-Smith is a fighter-pilot in the R.A.F., and the letter came from some of his colleagues.

Another entrant in contest is Claudette Jennifer Woodley, of Campsie, known as the "Perth" baby candidate. Her father was in H.M.A.S. Perth.

GENERAL'S SECRETARY WEDS. Warrant-Officer Paul Rogers (secretary to General MacArthur) and his bride, formerly Nancy Sharples, after their wedding in Melbourne.

RED CROSS DAY. Lady Kater and Lady Walder, who are planning Market Day in Martin Place on Red Cross Day, June 18.

ENGAGEMENT. Gunner Peter Finch, A.I.F. (returned), and his fiancee, ballerina Tamara Tchinarova, whose engagement was recently announced. Peter is well-known radio actor, and has appeared in several films.

WEDDING of Joan, elder daughter of Archdeacon and Mrs. E. S. Benyon, of Lismore, and Dr. David Morgan, only son of Dr. and Mrs. E. L. Morgan, of Rose Bay, is celebrated at St. Andrew's Church, Lismore.

Bride's sister Lola, who is member of the staff of Royal North Shore Hospital, obtains leave from nursing duties to act as bridesmaid.

L.ac. Clyde Benyon, brother of the bride, is best man.

• • •

"HOPE to have party to celebrate engagement if we both get leave at same time," says Ruth Angus, who becomes fiancee of Flight-Lieutenant Humfrey Deck, R.A.A.F.

Ruth, second daughter of Mr. W. R. Angus and late Mrs. Angus, of Pymble, is nurse at Children's Hospital. Her engagement ring is a solitaire diamond.

Humfrey is son of Dr. and Mrs. E. P. Deck, of Clifton Gardens.

WEDDING plans being made by Neridah (Ned) Ridley, of Alawa, Walgett, and Henshall Bettington, of Coolie, Merriwa.

Ceremony to be this Saturday at St. John's, Darlinghurst.

Recently Neridah was bridesmaid when her sister Valda married Lieut. Paul Martin, of Rotherwood, Cassilis, and for the second wedding the sisters will exchange bride and bridesmaid's gowns.

• • •

GOLD brooch featuring the color patch of his regiment is gift of Sergeant Kevin Sullivan, A.I.F., to his bride, formerly Anthea Ivy Wyatt.

Bride is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wyatt, of Bathurst and Bogan Gate, and the bridegroom is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. C. Sullivan, of Bathurst.

Wedding takes place at St. Michael and St. John's Cathedral, Bathurst, and the reception at the home of the bride's parents.

PIANIST'S WEDDING. Bdr. Frank Finkelstein and his bride at their reception at Pickwick Club. Bride formerly Norah Lurie, Australian pianist.

Heard Around TOWN

SPECIAL feature of Russian Medical Aid Ball at the State this Saturday will be singing of Russian song by Boris Petroff.

Words and music were composed by Mme. E. Lenebach, a graduate of Leningrad Conservatorium, who is a member of the ball committee.

She has composed Russian and English words for the song.

Another of her songs, "I Love Australia," will also be sung by M. Petroff.

• • •

RECEPTION at the Women's Pioneer Society rooms after the wedding of Lieut. James Burnet, A.I.F., and Margaret Grimes. Margaret is a direct descendant of Surveyor-General Charles Grimes, who landed in Australia in 1803.

Bride is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Grimes, of Sydney, and bridegroom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. James Burnet, of Double Bay, formerly of Tamworth.

Ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Hugh Paton, took place at Presbyterian Church, Double Bay.

• • •

WEDDING in May for Kay O'Rourke and A.c.1 Stephen Harmey, R.A.A.F., who announce their engagement this week.

Kay, who wears square-cut sapphire ring, is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. I. O'Rourke, of Strathfield, and Stephen is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Harmey, of Kingsford.

Betty

NAVAL WEDDING. Lieutenant John Strange, R.A.N.V.R., and his bride, formerly Joan Hufton, of Harden, leave St. Stephen's under an arch of swords after their wedding.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4721976

● *Rated as one of the most active war-workers in the film colony, M.G.M. star Ruth Hussey finds little time for relaxation. While husband Robert Longenecker is in Army camp, Ruth works at U.S.O., is a hostess at the Hollywood canteen, and is an ardent knitter. She is now playing in "Tennessee Johnson," with Van Heflin.*

● *In great demand for bigger screen roles Warners' rising young star, Alexis Smith, still manages to spend a lot of time at the Navy Relief depot and knit for fiance Craig Stevens, who is in the U.S. Army. She recently finished "Adventures of Mark Twain" with Fredric March.*

● *Firm favorite with the boys in camp, Deanna Durbin, Universal star, has just finished a three weeks' entertainment tour of the U.S. Army camps and, as soon as she finishes work on "Hers to Hold," is booked for a second tour. Husband Vaughn Paul is with U.S. Navy.*

Movie World

It is my job to always look fresh and smart, give special attention to my personal appearance and keep the tiring effects of nursing and War strain in the background. I show the World my cheeriest self with the aid of Escapade Lipstick. Escapade is made from the formula of our principals, who are one of America's foremost cosmetic manufacturers.

Escapade

THE THOROUGHBRED OF LIPSTICKS

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4721977

Careers for GIRLS & LADIES

Here is YOUR Opportunity to help fill the places being vacated by men. STOTT'S can prepare you—successfully—in the privacy of YOUR OWN HOME. Without any obligation whatsoever SEND THE COUPON for particulars of any of the following courses:

Shorthand, Typing, Bookkeeping (Farm Station, Mercantile) Accountancy, Story Writing, Journalism (Plance) Advertisement, Wig, Showcards, Tickets, Draftsmanship, Architectural Work, Commercial English, Com. Arithmetic, General Education, Handwriting, Nurses' Entrance, Commercial Art, Dressmaking and Designing, Shire Clerks, University Exams., Correspondent, Mail Order, Window Dressing, Salesmanship, Engineering (Diesel, Motor, Radio, &c.)

Stott's Correspondence College

100 Russell Street, Melbourne; 147-149 Castlereagh Street, Sydney; 290 Adelaide Street, Brisbane; 50 Grenfell St., Adelaide.

— Mail This Coupon: Cut Here — TO STOTT'S (Nearest Address, see list). I should like details of your course/s in .....

MY NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
A.W.W 143 ..... AGE.....

From the war zones

1 PACIFIC WAR CORRESPONDENTS Jonny (Gable), Kirk (Sterling) are fired by editor (Dingle) for printing risky story.

2 HOME AGAIN, Jonny meets journalist Paula (Lana Turner), his past sweetheart.

3 ASSIGNED TO CHINA to write about war news there, Paula announces her engagement to Kirk on eve of her departure.

4 WHEN PAULA is reported missing Jonny and Kirk go to China, and finally discover her rescuing child refugees.

5 WAR DUTY call to Manila for Jonny brings realisation that Paula still loves him.

6 TRIO meet later in Manila, Kirk joins army, and Paula helps Jonny with war reports.

MGM's "Somewhere I'll Find You" is a timely exciting adventure film showing how war correspondents bring in the news at the risk of their own lives.

The story centres round the adventures of three correspondents (Clark Gable, Robert Sterling and Lana Turner) in Indo-China.

This is the last film in which Clark Gable appears before he went into the Army Air Force to experience actual warfare. It was significant that in the film when he is despatching a report he says, "More to come. That is a newspaper expression. But remember, Tokio . . . there is more to come."

fortuna cloth

This economy year, LISTERINE Tooth Paste comes into its own! It goes further! Cleans better! Saves you money!

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Contains only the finest dental powders, creamed for convenience — plus the Antiseptic oils of LISTERINE itself, something you get in no other dentifrice. There's over ¼-lb. of tooth paste in the large tube.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Burning Dandruff Itch and scaling is a germ infection. Remove the cause, kill the germs with Listerine, the safe Antiseptic.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— and Keep Feeling Fit

TAKE **CARTERS Little Liver Pills**

It takes good old Carters Little Liver Pills to get your bile working and make you feel up and up.

Price 1/3.
Distributors:
Fassett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

VIM

Polishes as it cleans...
Keeps pots and pans shining

A LEVER PRODUCT

Distinguished American Beauty

Mrs. John Jacob Astor, one of the present leaders of the family which has dominated American society for generations, has for years observed the Pond's beauty ritual. She uses Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing and Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base. Used *together*, these two creams keep one's skin flawlessly lovely, soft and smooth

Pond's Cold Cream *for soft-smooth cleansing.* Pat it in over face and throat—a little will do, because Pond's goes so much further. Now wipe off. Your face feels clean as rain, soft as silk.

Pond's Vanishing Cream —a much-loved powder base. Apply *lightly* before make-up. It's non-greasy. Takes and holds powder with velvet smoothness — and helps protect against wind and weather, too!

Your good health is an asset to your country. Prevent droop and undue fatigue by being properly corseted.

Lady Ruth

PRACTICAL FRONT corset prevents a lot of unnecessary tiredness caused by the drag of heavy muscular areas.

Your *Charma* Brassiere and "Lady Ruth" will last a great deal longer if you mend them promptly and launder them regularly.

2-43

WHEN HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN REMEMBER

Crusader Cloth

MEANWHILE:

Buy £10 War Bonds

and War Savings Certificates

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4721978

"Victory garden" touches

● Another frankly frivolous concoction made by lovely Louise Allbritton from a pale pink curtain cord and bright blue feathers.

● To revive an old green felt topper, Louise Allbritton adds a wreath of vivid radishes and a whiff of red veiling. Specially attractive if you select colors to team exactly with your frock.

● To bring a dash of color to a felt boater in a strange greenish grey shade, Elyse Knox suggests a riot of brilliant red tomatoes and emerald-green leaves encircling crown.

Vegetables flourish on Hollywood hats

TAKE one look at this flippant trio of hats modelled by Universal starlets, and try to resist them! But there's no need to resist them when you yourself can add these clever "victory garden" touches, color-bright vegetables, feathers, and cascades of flattering purposeless veiling.

For months now I've been stressing the importance of simple togs . . . classic frocks and suits, pared down to a minimum, that are so very adaptable . . . but they provide the perfect excuse for you to revel in hats that are the purest fantasy.

No need to buy new hats, but do tackle last year's dreary felts with a firm hand, and watch them brought to life by a huge quill stabbing the air at an impertinent angle, a swish of veiling tied under the chin, or wreaths of colorful vegetables.

There are no tiresome rules about the new hats, so play up to your type and grasp the opportunity to be dramatically individual.

Maybe a saucy, squashy beret, literally as flat as a pancake, and naively tilted . . . or a flirtatious confection soaring to dizzy heights with a great clump of flowers, or a choux of shiny ribbon.

For special occasions, put yourself in a party mood by kindling simple frocks with a provocative hat . . . a couple of faded pink roses topping a brocheted black silk snood, or flat little mounds of flowers that pass for a hat . . . violets, hyacinths, gardenias moored to the head with a grosgrain ribbon band.

Remember the age-old tonic to revive feminine spirits is to go out and buy an utterly frivolous new hat . . . for the winter of 1943, go one better and make your own.

—PEG McCARTNEY.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4721979

Men who have been through hell's fire and brimstone say there is nothing as soul destroying as a poor light to see by. Thus it is no wonder that those who use their eyes for vital war jobs demand the encouraging brightness of MAZDA Electric Lamps.

WARTIME MORAL

Don't use light unnecessarily. Save money by using pre-tested Australian-made MAZDA of the correct wattages . . . they stay brighter longer.

MAZDA

ELECTRIC LAMPS

They Stay Brighter Longer

Advertisement of Australian General Electric Proprietary Limited, distributors for The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd., England

SOLD BY ELECTRICAL AND HARDWARE STORES AND BY ALL COLES STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA.

ML.201A

Why I switched to

Meds

—by a school teacher

Ancient history is my subject — but when it comes to sanitary protection, I'm all for the modern *internal* way. So I certainly was delighted when the makers of Modess brought out Meds — a new and improved tampon — at only 1/8 a box of ten. I like Meds far, far better. And they're the *only* tampons in individual applicators so wonderfully inexpensive.

ONLY 1/8

EACH IN INDIVIDUAL APPLICATOR

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MODESS

Meds

INTERNAL SANITARY PROTECTION

Special Duties

Continued from page 5

SHE found a disgruntled John muffled in a shapeless hospital dressing-gown, sitting before the window of his small, bare room.

"I expected to find you in bed swathed in bandages," Carol said accusingly.

"It's a fool idea bringing me here at all," fumed John, but when he moved he winced.

"It was bad luck," she commiserated. "But the tests went off marvellously, Geoffrey says."

"All the same," he said, "there have got to be some alterations. I understand Furnis has arranged a get-together of some of the technical wallahs at his digs next Tuesday, and he wants me to go along." He paused and then put out a hand and laid it on hers.

"Carol . . ."

Carol's breath caught in her throat.

"Yes, John, what is it?"

"You like him, don't you?"

"Yes," she said. "I do."

There was no time for more, because she was bustled out by a nurse.

He was out of hospital in two days, and the now familiar routine was resumed. Geoffrey and John spent hours in the drawing office and machine shops, and Carol consequently had to cope single-handed with most of the office work. Several matters accumulated which needed Captain Furnis' personal consideration, and when she drew his attention to these one evening he gave her a look of comical despair.

He thought for a few moments, and then said: "I know, what about coming over to the Queen's for a spot of dinner to-morrow evening, then we can clear these things off afterwards?" Geoffrey was billeted in the bleak, northern town's best hotel.

"That'd be a good idea," agreed Carol. "You've just got to have those figures ready in time for the meeting. But I thought that was fixed for to-morrow night?"

"No, Thursday. Incidentally, I've got Manners to come along to it, too. I want him to explain that new idea of his."

Carol shrugged her shoulders. John must have given her the wrong date.

"I can't think why we've not done this before," exclaimed Geoffrey, raising his shallow glass to her in a silent toast at their table in the hotel dining-room.

"We haven't been so overwhelmed with work before," replied Carol.

"Don't evade the point," smiled Geoffrey. "You know exactly what I meant!" Without giving her a chance to retaliate, he pushed back his chair, and added: "I've ordered coffee upstairs in my sitting-room," Carol. It's quieter up there. We can talk."

"And work," Carol reminded him.

Geoffrey had managed to give his quarters some degree of individuality. Photographs, books, and papers were scattered about, and a well-stocked cocktail cabinet stood invitingly open in one corner beside a portable wireless.

He lit her a cigarette, and sat down at her side, leaning his head back against the cushions so that he could watch her profile against the firelight. She reached for the brief-case, but he caught her hand.

"Oh, let them wait, my dear. I've something more important to talk about to you, Carol, darling—you're so sweet, I've been longing to do this all the evening——"

Before she could free herself he had kissed her. Not lightly and quickly as he had done at the office, but with a determination which left Carol breathless and shaking.

"Don't," she begged, when she was able to turn her head away.

"Why not?" he demanded. "You know I love you, Carol. You must have guessed."

"I never thought you were serious."

"Well, now you know, what are you going to do about it?"

"I'm—sorry, Geoffrey."

"That's not good enough," he said roughly, and put both hands on her shoulders, twisting her round until she faced him. "If it weren't for John Manners I believe we'd be very good friends."

"We should not," Carol protested. She leaned away from him, but he would not loosen his hold.

He kissed her again. They were standing now, and Carol's face was white, her eyes dark with apprehension and disgust. The opening of the sitting-room door, and the preceding knock left no time for Geoffrey to do more than turn his head and instinctively slacken his grasp of the girl's straining figure. It was Carol who recognised the newcomer, and went stumbling across the room.

"John! Oh, John!"

She was in other arms then, arms which held her gently yet firmly, and John was saying over and over again: "It's all right, darling."

Geoffrey thrust both hands in his pockets.

"Blast you, Manners, what d'you mean by barging in here like this?"

"Hang it all, man, you asked me to come!"

"I did?"

"Yes. Or, at least, that was the message the nurse at the hospital gave me. Would I come round this evening at nine-thirty to go over the plans for those alterations with the technical fellows who were meeting you here."

"But I said Thursday — not Tuesday!"

"Did you? The message she'd written down was Tuesday plainly enough."

Furnis swung round to face Carol.

"Did you tell him you were coming here this evening?"

Carol shook her head. All fear had left her now. John had called her "darling" in the familiar way, as if that were how he always thought of her.

"No," she said. "I didn't tell him. Why should I?"

"No reason at all," he agreed. The sullenness lifted unexpectedly from his face, and he gave her a rueful, boyish smile. "You weren't to know I was going to behave like the traditional stage villain and drive you straight into the hero's arms."

"Look here," broke in John.

"It's all right, John, it was a misunderstanding, it doesn't matter now."

John looked with a puzzled expression from her pale, upturned face to Furnis' smiling one. Geoffrey was once more leaning back against the mantelpiece, and seemed to be enjoying the joke against himself.

"I suppose it's all right if you say so, Carol," John turned to Furnis. "I can only imagine you must have mistaken the day when you left your message," he said.

"I'm hardly likely to have done that in the circumstances, am I?" he pointed out, with a meaning look at Carol. "Will you have a drink before you go? I take it you will be seeing Carol home?"

"I certainly shall be seeing her home, and I won't have a drink," replied John, a little grimly. "Are you ready, Carol?"

She nodded and reached for her greatcoat and gas mask. She looked at Geoffrey.

"Shall we—forget all about this evening?"

"If you wish, Carol, although there are some parts of it I would like to remember!"

When they were outside John slipped his arm round her again.

There was nothing casual or desultory, as once there had been, in the kiss John gave her then.

(Copyright)

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"Is he fussy about his meals?"
"Too right! If he gets a hat that doesn't fit, he won't go back to the restaurant."

New *Under-arm* **Cream Deodorant** *safely* **Stops Perspiration**

1. Does not rot dresses — does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID *is entirely* harmless to any fabrics.

ARRID is the largest selling deodorant. Try a jar today!

ARRID

2/- a jar. Also in 9½d jars.

At all chemists & stores selling toilet goods

Distributors: Fassett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney

For

CUTS, BURNS

The trade-mark Vaseline is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company.

FOR GOOD HEALTH

To be healthy, you must keep free from constipation. NYAL FIGSEN, the pleasant-tasting laxative, relieves constipation overnight. FIGSEN acts gently, yet thoroughly—no pain—no stomach upsets. NYAL FIGSEN is sold only by qualified chemists—1/3 a bottle.

NYAL FIGSEN

THE GENTLE LAXATIVE

To Keep Your Skin Clear and Healthy

Cuticura Soap gives your skin a mild, but thoroughly antiseptic cleansing which clears away blemishes and restores radiant youthful happiness.

Cuticura SOAP

CUTICURA SOAP
CUTICURA OINTMENT
CUTICURA TALCUM

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4721980

Well-designed socks for servicewomen . . .

● No girl will suffer from cold feet if she wears perfectly knitted socks like these.

LAST week directions were given for scarf and mittens specially designed for women in the Services.

Instructions for making gloves, balaclava and a sleeveless pullover will appear in future issues of The Australian Women's Weekly.

The complete set takes 1lb. of khaki or navy wool.

As stated last week, wool and instruction leaflets can be had from the Australian Comforts Fund Depot, Prudential Building, Castlereagh Street, Sydney, by those who wish to help build the reserve of woollens for servicewomen.

Here are directions for socks. For comfort they need to fit snugly, so must be undertaken by firm knitters.

N.B.—When putting on socks see that toe-grafting comes a little higher over toes than shown in picture; adjust for maximum comfort.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; s 1, slip 1; p.s.s.o., pass slipped stitch over; tog., together.

Materials: 2½oz. skeins 4-ply wool for 1 pair. One set of four No. 12 needles (loose knitters must use No. 13 needles to produce a firm tension).

SOCKS are slipped on over the regulation stockings.

THE LEG

Cast on 56 sts. loosely, 18, 20, 18 on each needle. Do not knit into backs of stitches on 1st row. Rib k 1, p 1, for 5ins. Knit 2ins. plain.

HEEL FLAP

Have 28 sts. on heel flap needle, and 14 on each of other two needles. Slipping first st. at beginning of every row, k right side, and p wrong side until there are 13 loops on sides of heel flap (26 rows). Finish with a p row.

TO TURN HEEL

S 1, k 16, s 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, turn.

S 1, p 7, p 2 tog., p 1, turn.

S 1, k 8, s 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, turn.

Purling one more st. on each purled row, and knitting one more st. on knitted row, before decreasing, continue in the same way until 18 sts. remain. Next row, s 1, k to end of row. Knitting into single back loops only, k 13 sts. on side of heel flap. Transfer all the instep sts. on to one needle (28) and k across it. K 13 sts. on side of heel flap in the same way as other side. K on to the same needle, 9 sts. that are on heel needle. Transfer the 9 sts. left on the heel needle to other flap needle. There should be 22 sts. on each flap needle, and 28 on instep needle. The centre of heel is the beginning of each row from now on.

TO DECREASE

K 1 plain row, next row 1st needle k to within 3 of end, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1.

2nd Needle: K plain.

3rd Needle: K 1, k 2 tog., k to end.

Repeat these two rows until there are 14 sts. on each side needle. K plain until sock measures 7½ins. from back of heel. This measurement is for a 9in. sockette; 1½ins. is allowed for toe.

TOE

1st Needle: K to within 3 sts. of end, s 1, k 1, p.s.s.o. knitted, k 1.

2nd or Front Needle: K 1, k 2 tog., k to within 3 sts. of end, s 1, k 1, p.s.s.o. knitted, k 1.

3rd Needle: K 1, k 2 tog. K to end. K 1 plain row.

Repeat these two rows until there are 5 sts. on each side needle, and 10 sts. on front needle. Finish with a plain row. K 1st needle, then slip the sts. on to 3rd needle. There should be 10 sts. on each of front and back needles.

TO GRAFT TOE.

Grafting should be the same tension as knitting. Break off wool, leaving about 12ins. Thread bodkin. With the front of sock towards you, pass the bodkin through the first st. on the front needle as if to purl, but leave it on. Pass the bodkin through the first st. on the back needle as if to purl, then take it off. Pass the bodkin through the next st. on back needle as if to knit, and leave it on. Pass the bodkin through the first st. on front needle as if to knit, and take it off. Repeat this until all sts. have been worked off. Pass wool through to wrong side of sock, and darn end up and down side of toe. Do not darn across the top of toe, as this draws the sock in too tightly and may prove uncomfortable to wearer.

TO SPLICE WOOL

Do not knot wool, but splice it as follows: Split the two ends, break off half the number of strands for about 5ins., lay the wools together, the two ends pointing in opposite directions, overlapping about 1in. from break. Rub well between the palms of hands until there is an even thread. Iron with damp cloth (do not iron ribbing).

Baby's health in winter

By OUR MOTHERCRAFT NURSE

WITH each change of the season adjustments to our way of living, as regards diet, clothing, exercise, etc., have to be made.

With the shorter and colder days there is a danger of children not getting sufficient outdoor exercise and fresh air.

During the cold winter weather more of the "fuel" foods have to be given, but it is also important to see that fresh fruit and young vegetables (including green vegetables) are included in the daily menu.

A leaflet dealing with the adjustments needed in diet, clothing, etc, has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be sent free if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope, "Mothercraft."

CHILDREN'S NIGHT COUGHS STOP QUICK SWEET SLEEP RETURNS

Three-way benefit from peppermint, carrageen and thymus

You can give your youngsters quick relief from that tight, screwed-up feeling in the chest and stop that rasping, hacking, church-yard cough quickly with MOUNTAIN MIXTURE. The warming, penetrating thymus, carrageen and peppermint ease coughs instantly. They soothe strained inflamed membranes, relieve congestion, break phlegm, stop stomach upsets. Don't let dangerous coughs persist. Get Mountain Mixture. Benefits guaranteed—or money back.

SOOTHES DEEP DOWN

Mountain Mixture PEPPERMINT

Soothes Deep Down for Coughs, Colds and Flu

"MIDDLE EAST INFECTION"

"During operations from an advanced base we had to make a forced landing in the desert. It took us several days again to reach our base, and upon arrival we found ourselves hospital cases, owing to the state of our feet. They were cut to pieces by the rough country and became badly infected.

"My companions entered hospital, but I had one of your Pedicure Outfits and, dressing my feet with the FLEXIBAR Ointment, they healed immediately, and I was ready for duty again a long time before those who went to hospital."

Extract from a letter from a Middle East Air Force Officer—original in possession of Myer Emporium, Melbourne.

FLEXIBAR is the new type deep penetrating ointment, incorporating TI-TROL—most powerful germicide. For skin infections of all kinds—tinea, eczema, cuts, wounds, etc., ask your chemist for

FLEXIBAR OINTMENT

Price 2/- full-size jar. From Chemists and Stores. If unavailable locally, write to Flexibar Distributors, 373 Kent Street, Sydney, or 325 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

a friend in need for INDIGESTION

The main reasons why De Witt's Antacid Powder quickly restores your appetite.

- Relieves pain by neutralizing excess acid.
- Soothes and protects stomach lining.
- Helps digestion.

End Indigestion with De Witt's Antacid Powder.

From all Chemists and Storekeepers, in sky-blue canisters, 2/6

DIRECTIONS: STOMACH DISCOMFORT: A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water or milk after meals. CHRONIC ACID STOMACH, GASTRITIS, DYSPEPSIA: One heaped teaspoonful in warm water before breakfast. DISTURBED REST: One heaped teaspoonful in water before retiring at night. Children can be given half-dose to allay stomach-ache, biliousness and similar ailments.

DeWitt's ANTACID POWDER

GOOD POSTURE

helps you to help Australia

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4721981

Breakfasts for workers...

● If you've a day's work before you, don't neglect breakfast . . . and see that it is appetising as well as sustaining.

BREAKFAST for most of us with a job to do is no leisurely picnic. And yet it must please the palate; it must be sustaining and conform to common-sense health standards.

Summed up, the favorite foods for breakfast are those that are quick to prepare, tasty, and nourishing.

To avoid monotony, vary the foods as much as possible, and endeavor to include:

(a) Fresh or stewed fruits for vitamins and minerals.

(b) Heat and energy-producing foods as porridge or cereals served with honey, brown sugar, etc.

(c) Building foods as eggs, kidneys, or liver.

The menu chosen will depend upon the season of the year, and the age and occupation of the person. Menus 1 and 2 given below are suggested for the cooler days; No. 3 menu for warmer weather.

SUGGESTED BREAKFAST MENUS

(1)
Wholemeal Cereal with Honey
Baked Eggs and Barbecued Ham
Toast
***Coffee**

(2)
Rolled Oats
Fried Brains and Pineapple Slices
Toast
***Coffee**

(3)
Grapefruit.
Corn Omelette
Toast Marmalade
***Tea**

*** Fruit juices or milk and egg-flips are best for children.**

FRIED BRAINS AND PINE-APPLE SLICES

Three sets sheep's brains, 6 slices fresh pineapple, egg-glazing, 1 tablespoon seasoned flour, brown bread-crumbs, bacon rolls.

Soak the brains in cold water and remove the skin. Blanche in fresh water, then simmer 8 minutes in salted water, containing a little mace. Drain well. Divide into 6 and cover each piece with seasoned flour. Glaze and toss in bread-crumbs. Deep-fry a golden brown. Remove the skin from the pine-apple, brush with butter and grill slowly until tender, turning frequently. Serve the brains on the pineapple slices. Accompany with rolls of grilled bacon and chipped potatoes. Garnish with parsley.

YOU'RE ASSURED of an abundance of energy if you have been stimulated with a breakfast such as this illustrated above. The brains were tossed in breadcrumbs, fried a golden brown, then set upon slices of pineapple. They are accompanied by crisp bacon rolls and chipped potatoes. The porridge plates feature plums and a cereal.

POACHED EGG AND KIDNEY

Half-dozen sheep's kidneys, ½ pint vegetable stock or water, 1 tablespoon flour, little mustard or mustard mix, 2 eschalots or 1 small onion, salt and cayenne, butter, finely-chopped parsley, slices of toast, eggs.

Melt the butter and add the finely-minced eschalots, and cook until tender. After soaking the kidneys, remove the skin and chop finely. Fry a few minutes in with the onion, and add the flour, salt, and mustard. Cook 1 minute. Add the stock and stir until the mixture boils and thickens. Simmer gently 15 minutes. Make the toast, poach the eggs, and serve on toast. Pour the kidney around, and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

BAKED EGGS WITH BAR-BECUED HAM

Three thin slices of ham, 2 dessertspoons butter, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, salt, pepper, 3 tomatoes, 3 eggs.

Remove top carefully from tomatoes and scoop out the centre. Season with salt and pepper, and break one egg into each tomato, being careful not to break the yolk. Place the tomatoes on a well-greased tray, and bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 minutes. Melt butter, and saute ham until slightly browned. Spread with mixture of vinegar and seasonings, and cook for 2 minutes longer. Serve on a hot dish and place a baked tomato egg on each slice.

CALF'S LIVER WITH BACON

Four ounces calf's liver, 6 rashers bacon, slices bread, salt, pepper, chopped parsley.

Soak the liver for half an hour, dry, and remove the skin. Chop finely and mix with the parsley. Season with salt and pepper. Remove the rind from the bacon and cut each rasher in half. Place a spoonful of liver mixture on each piece of bacon and roll up. Cut the bread into fingers 2ins. x 1½ins., and butter lightly. Place in a greased dish, top with bacon liver rolls and cook for 30 minutes in the upper half of a moderately hot oven—or, toast the bread, grill the rolls separately, and serve on the fingers of toast.

CORN OMELETTE

Half cup cooked corn, 3 eggs, 1 dessertspoon butter, pepper to taste, 3 tablespoons milk, ½ teaspoon salt.

Separate the whites from the yolks of eggs and beat the whites until stiff and frothy. Combine the cooked corn with the egg-yolk, water, salt, and cayenne. Fold into the beaten egg-white. Melt the butter in a strong frying or special omelette pan; when just commencing to brown pour in the omelette. Cook over a gentle heat until set underneath. Transfer to a moderate griller to brown and set the top. Fold in two and serve immediately on a heated dish.

DEVILLED KIDNEY AND BACON ROLLS

Four sheep's kidneys, 4 bacon rashers, ½ teaspoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon chutney, 1 dessertspoon butter, 4 slices stale bread, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon tomato sauce, salt and cayenne.

Soak the kidneys for half an hour in warm water. Remove the skin and core and cut each in two. Mix together the curry, chutney, sauce, salt, and cayenne and spread on the kidney. Remove the rind from the bacon and wrap a piece around each piece of the kidney. Thread on a skewer and grill 8 to 10 minutes, turning frequently. Brush the bread with a little milk and melted butter and fry a golden brown. Season with salt and cayenne and, if liked, sprinkle with a little sharp cheese, finely grated. Cut into triangles and serve the devilled kidney on top.

By OUR COOKERY EXPERT

RABBIT CROQUETTES

Quarter-pound cold cooked rabbit, 2oz. ham or bacon, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 hard-boiled egg, salt and cayenne to taste, bread-crumbs, 1oz. butter, 1oz. flour, 1 gill milk, grated lemon, flour, pepper, salt, egg-glazing.

Mince rabbit very finely, also bacon, add egg, finely-chopped parsley, lemon rind, nutmeg, salt and pepper, and mix together. Make thick white sauce with butter, flour, and milk; stir this into other ingredients, and stand on a plate to cool; when cool, shape into pieces like corks, with flour, pepper, and salt. Dip in egg, toss in bread-crumbs, wet-fry, drain, serve on a d'oyley; garnish with small sprigs of parsley.

One-egg tea cakes

Sponge Tea Cake: One cup self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup milk, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 egg, vanilla essence.

Separate the white from the yolk of egg. Beat the white stiffly, add the sugar gradually, and continue beating until thick. Add the yolk and whisk well. Add the milk and vanilla essence gradually, then the sifted flour and cinnamon, and lastly the butter. Place in a well-greased, seven-inch sandwich-tin, and bake in the upper half of a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) from 20 to 25 minutes. Brush with butter and serve either hot or cold.

Orange Tea Cake: One cup all-bran, ¾ cup milk, pinch of bi-carbonate of soda, ½ cup butter, ½ cup brown sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch of salt, grated rind of 1 orange.

Moisten the all-bran with the milk and add soda. Cream the butter and sugar, and orange rind, and gradually add the beaten egg, and then the bran. Stir in the well-sifted flour and salt. Cook in an eight-inch sandwich-tin in a moderately hot oven (375 deg. F.) for 30 minutes. Serve with butter.

Chocolate Tea Cake: One cup castor sugar, 1½ cups self-raising flour, ½ cup melted butter, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, ½ cup boiling water, 1oz. melted chocolate.

Dissolve the chocolate in the boiling water. Combine the sugar, sifted flour, melted butter, milk and chocolate, and mix together well. Break the egg into the mixture and beat until smooth. Place in a greased slab tin, and bake in the upper half of a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) from 25 to 30 minutes. When cold, ice with a warm icing, and sprinkle with toasted coconut.

Banana Tea Cake: Quarter-cup butter, ¾ cup sugar, ½ cup mashed bananas, ½ cup milk, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon bi-carbonate of soda, 1½ cups flour, pinch of salt, ½ cup chopped walnuts (if liked).

Cream together the butter and sugar. Add the crushed bananas and nuts, and mix well. Then add the beaten egg. Sift the flour and salt, and add alternately with the milk in which the bi-carbonate of soda has been dissolved. Place in a well-greased cake tin, and bake in the upper half of a moderately hot oven (350 deg. F.) from 50 to 60 minutes.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4721982

FOR COLDER DAYS

● All these prizewinning recipes from other readers will find a welcome in your household.

WHAT recipes are you planning for hearty winter appetites? Seasonable recipes have a good chance of winning a prize in our popular recipe contest . . . Try yours!

You are asked to write out your recipe clearly, check it, and sign your name in block letters. No other conditions.

VEGETABLE AND BACON PIE
Hot or Cold

For Flaky Pastry: 8oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 6oz. dripping, butter or butter and lard, ½ to ¾ cup water, egg-yolk for glazing.

For Contents of Pie: 1 large carrot, 1 large parsnip, 1lb. peas or other greens, 1oz. butter or fat, 2 or 3 long rashers finely cut bacon, ½ cup water, salt, pepper, pinch dried mixed herbs.

Scrub carrot and cut into rounds, don't scrape unless absolutely necessary. Scrape parsnip and cut into rounds. Remove rind and cut bacon finely. Put the filling ingredients into saucepan with close-fitting lid, season, and add water. Put lid on firmly and lower temperature, once boiling; after 10 minutes, put in parsnips, cook further 10 minutes, then add peas and cook until tender. Be sure sufficient water is added to prevent burning.

For the pastry: Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Divide fat into four parts. Rub one portion into the flour lightly with the finger-tips. Mix with water to a light dough. Turn out and knead till smooth. Flour the board sparsely again and roll dough into an oblong. Cut the next portion of fat into flakes and spread these over the dough. Flour lightly, fold over by taking the top a little beyond the centre and the bottom over this. Turn pastry round with closed edge to side and open ends at top and bottom. Press lightly in centre with rolling-pin.

Repeat process with each portion of fat. Line a deep sandwich-tin with the pastry and reserve portion for the top. Have edges overlapping for a firm edge. Place in the cold vegetable mixture, put on top and glaze with beaten egg-yolk. Place in hot oven for 5 minutes, then lower temperature, cook for about ½ hour. Then leave in oven with a low heat until the pie is nicely browned.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. Susan Brownlow, c/o Mrs. H. Wallis, Vermont St., Sutherland, N.S.W.

MACARONI AND MINCEMEAT CASSEROLE

Half-box macaroni (unbroken), 1 tin tomatoes (or 3 tomatoes peeled and mashed), ½lb. minced steak, 2 small onions, 1 green pepper.

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water until soft. Strain and pour over cold water to dissolve starch. Set aside. Fry the minced steak and onions in shortening until brown. Set aside. Place the macaroni, tomatoes, meat onions, and pepper in a greased casserole.

Mix well. Top with a little butter, seasoning (salt and pepper) and paprika. Bake in a moderate oven for about 1½ hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Marjory Peterson, Clandulla, Brady St., Croydon, N.S.W.

VEAL CUTLETS.
(Russian style)

Trim 4 thick veal cutlets, rub well with flour seasoned with salt and pepper. Finely slice 2 medium onions, fry light golden brown, add salt and pepper to taste. Fry cutlets until well browned on both sides. Turn into fireproof dish.

Place on top of onions. Pour over them half - cup sour cream and quarter-cup milk, add rind of quarter lemon. Cover and simmer gently 1 hour. Strain sauce, rubbing onion through sieve. Re-heat, and pour round meat. Serve with mashed potato and green peas.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Leeson, 41 McKinnon Rd., Bentleigh, Vic.

ECONOMICAL BREAKFAST SAUSAGES

One meat cube, oatmeal, pepper and salt, cooking fat.

Dissolve meat cube in 1 pint boiling water, season with salt and pepper, stir in three good handfuls of oatmeal, boil for 15 minutes until porridge is quite thick. Leave until cold. Well flour pastry-board and roll good-sized pieces of the solid mixture into sausages. Fry in boiling fat, turning well to crisp and brown all round.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss A. Brien, 1 Vale St., Clovelly, N.S.W.

ABOVE: Ruth Hussey, MGM star, prepares savory fried rabbit to be served piping hot with golden puff scones. The rabbit has been steamed and is being coated with a savory mixture before frying. By the way, when cooking scones, biscuits, or cookies, remember that a shallow tin gives better results than a deep tin.

CAPTURE UNTOLD PLEASURE

Enjoy that foot - tingling rhythm—those popular melodies. The latest Jazz and Screen Hits.

Play the

Banjo Mandolin

or

* Steel Guitar
* Piano Accordion
* Spanish Guitar
* Banjo Ukulele
* Button Accordion
* Clarinet
* Mouth Organ
* Saxophone
* Piano
* Violin

with Signed Money Back Guarantee through a

LEARN AT HOME for 2/6 Weekly.

SAMPSON POSTAL COURSE

No need to be clever—no scales or exercises—beginners same success as players. Pay for your lessons weekly. If you're disappointed it costs you nothing. A wonderful range of imported instruments to choose from. Small deposits and weekly payments to any part of Australia. ALL FREIGHT IS PAID. Write for your FREE CATALOGUE and details of lessons. Mention the instrument you favor.

SYDNEY: Sampson's, Dept. B, 77 York St. Box 4184X, G.P.O.

MELBOURNE: Sampson's, Dept. B, Box 4F, P.O., Collins Street.

BRISBANE: Sampson's, Dept. B, Wilson House, Box 355J, G.P.O.

ADELAIDE: National Music Schools, Dept. B, Box 636F, G.P.O.

WANTED. All types of musical instruments. Write and Sell to Sampsons.

Cause and treatment of hay fever . . . . By MEDICO

"I DON'T know why he has these colds so often," said Mrs. Temple. "He's quite all right for a few days, then suddenly he starts sneezing, his eyes water, and he has the sniffles. He's the picture of misery."

I had a look at Jim, especially at his adenoids and tonsils, but there was no trouble there.

"Anyone in the family with asthma?" I asked. Mrs. Temple was surprised. "Why, yes," she said, "my husband has had asthma since he was a boy. But what's that got to do with it?"

"Well, Jim has hay fever," I explained. "It's an allergic condition. His father is allergic to something or other and it shows in attacks of asthma. Jim has inherited this allergic tendency, only in his case it shows itself as hay fever."

Allergy is not a disease, it's a physical condition. Some people are over-sensitive and they react to certain substances that never worry others. This sensitiveness shows itself in varying degrees in various ways—asthma, hay fever, hives and headaches being the more common.

The number of substances to which a person may show an allergic reaction are legion, and the doctor has to become a real Sherlock Holmes. Certain groups are responsible for similar symptoms. Asthma and hay fever, for instance, are sometimes caused by pollens, kapok, feathers, house-dust, or some other material that floats about in the air.

Headaches, migraine, and digestive reactions are more often due to a sensitiveness to some food. Chocolate is often an offender in this group.

Sometimes it is difficult to decide which substance is the cause. But doctors now obtain much information from skin tests. These tests are injections just beneath the skin of very minute extracts of the likely substances.

In a few minutes those substances to which you are sensitive will show up as a small, raised weal around the injection.

Once the substance is known, an extract can be specially prepared. Regular injections at intervals of 4 or 5 days and in increasing doses will end your trouble.

3-WAY RELIEF FOR INDIGESTION

1. Bisurated Magnesia neutralises excess acids.
2. Bisurated Magnesia protects the tender stomach lining.
3. Bisurated Magnesia restores a normal digestive state.

BISURATED MAGNESIA (Trade Mark "Bismag")

Sold at all chemists and stores.

Beware of Tired Kidneys

Men and women often suffer from Backache, Rheumatism, Sciatica, and other ailments caused by the slowing down of kidneys. By taking a course of

DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS

kidneys function properly.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND STOREKEEPERS

Foster-McClellan Co., Proprietors, 15 Hamilton St., Sydney.

Asthma Curbed

Mendaco, proven prescription for Asthma, quickly starts relief, easing breathing—building new vitality that you may sleep soundly all night.

Ask for guaranteed **Mendaco**

FROM CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

Two Sizes: 6/- and 12/-

Guaranteed for Asthma.

When you can't sleep . . . when tossing and turning keep you awake . . . it's time you started on Horlicks. A hot cup of Horlicks last thing before bed relaxes your mind, soothes your body. You sleep soundly and serenely, and wake up next morning feeling fit for anything.

Horlicks is made from malted barley, wheat and full-cream milk . . . *and milk is one of Nature's finest protective foods.* Horlicks is rich in protein, fats, carbohydrates and mineral salts and vitamins that build up vitality. Yet Horlicks is so easy to digest that it puts practically no strain on the stomach during sleep.

If lack of sleep is making you jumpy and irritable, get a tin of Horlicks to-day. Drink it hot before bed, and have deep, restful sleep to-night, to-morrow night, and every night from now on. You can buy Horlicks in tins, 5/- or handy glass jars, 3/-. (Prices slightly higher in the country.)

For Your Emergency Store

In an emergency, the whole family could live on Horlicks for an indefinite period. It is a complete food sustaining and nourishing for old and young, in health and sickness. It needs mixing with water only, and can be taken cold. It keeps indefinitely if the top is replaced tightly.

HORLICKS *for deep restful sleep*

H13

Eczema Itch

FOR FAST RELIEF FROM

Itching, Cracking, Eczema, Sores, Acne, Peeling, Burning, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Pimples, Blackheads, Blotches, Foot Itch, Other Blemishes

Nixoderm now 2/-

From chemists everywhere.

Guaranteed for CUTS, WOUNDS, SKIN TROUBLES.

The Australian Women's Weekly

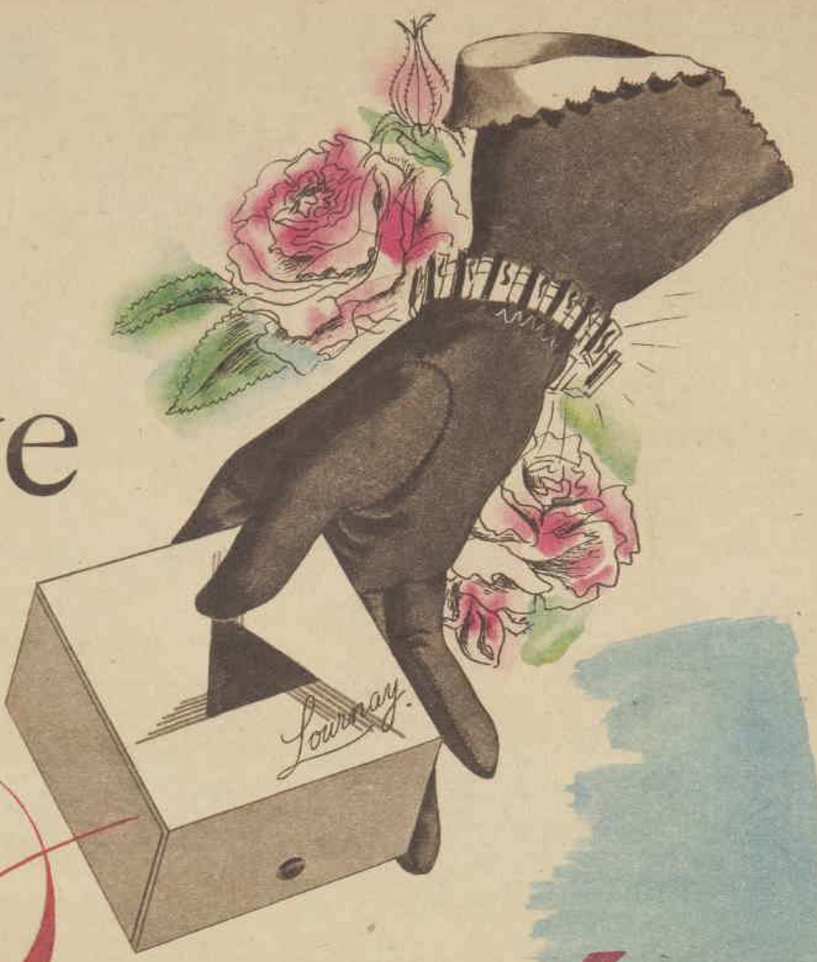
NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.

Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4721983

Hand in Glove with Beauty



Women of to-day have exchanged the silken gloves of peace for the gauntlets of war. But, as a bulwark to their beauty LOURNAY FACE POWDER brings seven exquisite shades, each of which has been skilfully blended to tone with the natural skin colouring. This mist-fine face powder lies invisibly on the skin, giving a translucent warmth to its colour and creating around you the distinctive perfume that is Lournay.

GIPSYTAN • SUNKISSED • PEACHBLOOM • ROSEGLOW
DAWN PINK • MAGNOLIA • FRANGIPANI

Lournay

FACE POWDER

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4721984